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T H E

PROGRESS of LOVE.

C H A P. XI.

THE first thing that occurred to Elliot, was to go up to his rival, and appoint a place to meet him next morning; but he was checked by the consideration, that this would frustrate his meeting with Lady Adelaide; and that if she should be seen in the grove, and he known to be there, it might give rise to suspicions in the breast of the family, which might occasion her being treated harshly. These considerations made him feel the greatest dread lest he should be discovered, as his rival still continued

his course towards the thicket; and he reflected with grief on the advantage he would have over him, by finding him thus secreting himself about the house. Reynel, however, passed close by him, seemingly too much occupied in thought to observe the surrounding objects, and left our hero to consider, what could be the reason of Lady Adelaide's appointing this interview, even without solicitation on his part. "Perhaps," said he, "she will be content to share the cares of life with me, and is willing to make me the happiest of men. But no," continued he in answer to himself, sighing; "this cannot be; she has declared that she will never marry without the consent of her father, and that I can never obtain. No, it must be, that she meets me to desire that I will abandon all thoughts of her, as she is determined to become the wife of the man her father approves. Oh, lovely Adelaide!

laide ! this is the only request of yours that I am capable of disobeying." The sight of Lady Adelaide and her maid coming up the walk of the grove, cut short the soliloquy.

When she had come pretty near him, he stepped forth from his cover ; on which she immediately addressed Mr. Elliot : " I have a favour to request of you, and I must not be refused." " Could Lady Adelaide," said he, " ask me any thing that I dare refuse ?" " Well, promise me then," said she earnestly, " for I am in a great hurry, and afraid of being seen." " I promise to do any thing you command," answered Elliot, " except to efface your image from my heart, and that is not in my power." " Well, it is not that," answered his mistress with half a smile, " do you promise ?" " I do," said he, " and call heaven to witness that I will keep it inviolate." " Then it is only," rejoined Lady Adelaide,

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laide, that you will not fend, "or accept a challenge from Mr. Reynel." "What is it you require of me?" said he in a tone of despair. "That I should forfeit my honour! No, never; I cannot, it is impossible. How could I afterwards face the world, or dare to look on you? No, you would yourself be the first to condemn the action you advise." "Mr. Elliot," answered she, "I would have told you my request without disguise, had I not known that you would grant it with reluctance. But consider, that I now have your solemn promise, which I am sure you will not break." "Surely, Lady Adelaide, you would not be so cruel as to exact it from me, when you consider the ill-consequences that must result." "I have considered all which are said to result from duelling; a savage custom, which sacrifices our own feelings, and perhaps those of others," continued she with some little

tle hesitation, "to the fantastic notions of the world. They are all ill-founded; but I will put the matter in another light. If the declarations you have made me be true, my honour must be dearer to you than your own: think then how the world may talk." "Lovely mistress, you shall be obeyed," answered he; "yet, in the mean time, your family will think despicably of me; the fellow triumph, continue to talk love to you, and render me the most miserable of mankind." "Hold, Sir," replied Lady Adelaide, "I will acknowledge to you, that he has declared a passion for me; that my father, after you left the house, declared that I must look upon him as my future husband; but I again assure you, if it will be any satisfaction to you, that I never will be his. I owe my father obedience in every thing, except his forcing me to marry where I feel that I never shall be happy." These

were words of consolation to poor Elliot, and he began to renew his declarations of love, though not without some lamentations at being thus forced from her; when she told him, "that she must hasten away, as her father and Mr. Reynel were both of them out walking, and might see her and him together." "May I then ask one favour?" said he: "Alas! it will be the last in my power to sue for, perhaps, during my life." She asked him, blushing, what it was? "That you will," replied he, "give me the happiness of another meeting this day week in this grove, and about this time of the evening; then I may enjoy, at least, the sad solace of a last farewell." "Indeed I ought not," answered the Lady; "but in consideration of your keeping your promise I will." He kissed her hand with transport, and told her, "that he would obey her, although it should be his ruin."

ruin." She instantly hurried away towards the house, and the eye of her lover pursued her as she went. He stood lost in the contemplation of her beauty; and indeed to speak the truth, she never perhaps looked more lovely than she had done then. Her anxiety to obtain his promise, her dread of being discovered in his company, and the idea that she was meeting, by stealth, one for whom she felt a soft prepossession, added a thousand graces to her charms, too delicate, not to be lost in description; too fine to be reflected, even by the gazing eye, except on a sensible heart. Of this Lady I shall endeavour to give my reader some description, sensible that it will be but a weak resemblance of that lovely original she is intended to represent, whose portrait is engraved on my heart, beyond the power of time or calamity to efface. Lady Adelaide Moreton was not quite eighteen,

the time when the innocence of youth, and the majesty of full-grown beauty, blend in the female face, beyond the painter's skill to imitate. She was tall, and in her figure exquisitely graceful; her form delicate, without being emaciated; healthy and full, without what is called plumpness. Her polished limbs were fashioned with a delicacy and proportion, which out-rivalled the labours of Praxiteles. Her shape, as the eye turned towards her slender waist, grew "fine by degrees, and beautifully less;" while her neck rose above her gradually declining shoulders, with the snowy stateliness that adorns proportion. But who can describe the glossy beauties of her modestly heaving bosom, through which the current of life rolled in blue meanders? Lovely as that of the Ephesian Dian, and fair as the Parian marble which composed it; it would, like it, dazzle the transported beholder. Her face

face was oval, her forehead neither high nor low, and shaded with an happy profusion of silky brown tresses, which, when unrestrained by dress, flowed in wanton ringlets to her waist. Her eye-brows, of deeper colour than her hair, approaching to black, arched into a lovely bow, gave sensibility to her face, without detracting from its softness. Her nose thin, without sharpness, was of the true Grecian form. Through her snowy skin, the inimitable ruby of health peeped forth; but sat upon her cheek in modest perfection; neither too high, to obscure the deeper tint of the conscious blush, nor too faint, to exclude the traces of heaven-moving sorrow. Her full eyes of the deepest blue, set with such curious felicity, as to appear scarce less beautiful when closed, streamed forth through their long dark eyelashes, the native light of romantic tenderness and soft benevolence. On

her thin nectareous lips, whose rich and yielding splendor must have been borrowed from some lustrous produce of heaven, Venus had hung her sweetest, most sovereign smile. No heart could resist its witchcraft, when united to the melody of her voice as she spoke. It inspired a more than sympathetic rapture in the person she addressed, as it shewed not only that she was pleased, but flattered him that he was the happy cause of it. Her teeth rose with exact regularity, shining with more than the lustre of pearls, and displaying all the charms of proportion; and her chin, turned to the most happy curve of nature, closed her face with perfect symmetry. Such were the features of Lady Adelaide: her countenance was seriously sentimental, yet capable of all the lively expressions of happiness; and, like the checquered beauty of an April day, equally adapted to the smile of joy, or the tear of pity;
native

nativèd ignified gracefulness adorning all her actions, gave a double lustre to her beauties, and left art at a distance, vainly encumbering itself with titles and finery, to rival the majesty of nature. The young, who beheld her, were agitated by the tumults of passion; and the aged felt, at the sight of her, all that calm pleasure and gentle thrill, which the view of a luxuriant country in all the verdure of spring, illumined by the sun, and enlivened by the melody of birds, produces in us we know not how. Yet thus beautiful, and as it were breathing love around her, the charms of her mind infinitely excelled those of her external form. She seemed even better calculated to reward than inspire the soft passion. She possessed all those delicate graces, those winning charms, and soft dignity truly feminine, to which our rougher sex are strangers. Nor did she want that sweet susceptibility,

bility, that coy warmth of heart, which, like the ember spark, burns not less constant, or less fierce, for being hidden, which is the cement of happy wedlock. Mild and gentle in her manners and temper, she was dignified without pride, and condescending without meanness. Her soul was above art; and nature, in reward to her contempt of it, irradiated even her mistakes with the lustre of perfection. Too refined ever to give offence, and yet too good-natured easily to conceive it meant to her, she seemed formed to pass unhurt through those ordeals of the married state, the casual heats of intemperate passion.— If she received an injury, it wrecked itself principally on her own gentle bosom; for, she was too amiably timid, too kindly considerate, to entertain the slightest revenge; and even the little resentment she but rarely felt, was harmless and transient as the meteor flashings

flashings of a calm autumn night.—
Wife, yet unassuming; well read, yet not pedantic; accomplished, yet unaffected; gay without levity, and serious without melancholy, she possessed all those endearing charms of good sense, and yielding modest softness of temper, which disarm rage, preclude satiety, and render the raptures of connubial felicity lasting. The man who gains such a wife, may beg of Heaven only to leave him her, and do its worst. It is she who can console disappointment, destroy affliction, soften despair, bring the wounded mind with soothing tenderness to calm oblivion of its crimes, and pour into it the balm of self-complacency; nay, it is she who can alone perform the task of gladdening prosperity, and crowning it with content. Such was Lady Adelaide Moreton, whom nature seemed to have conceived in the moment of harmony, intent alone on the perfections of Heaven,
forgetful

forgetful that man and his world were formed from the elements of a discordant chaos. Our adventurer, as he saw her turn the corner of the walk which hid her from his view, sighed as if his soul was struggling to quit its terrestrial mansion and follow her; and he endeavoured to regain the road as fast as he could, without risking a discovery. He had not gotten many paces onward when he heard a voice calling to him to stop; he turned about, and saw that the person speaking to him was no less than Reynel himself. He stopped, however, not a little sorry at this interruption; he was afraid that Lady Adelaide must have been seen by him; he recollected his promise to her with horror; and he felt that, if Reynel had spirit, he should find it difficult to keep it with honour. "I thought, Sir," said Reynel haughtily to him, "that you had been forbidden this morning ever to appear near this house again."

"Hark

“Hark you, Sir,” answered Elliot, “if you have any regard for your personal safety, you will refrain from language that may provoke my immediate resentment. It is well for you, that my regard for the family of Lord Moreton prevents my taking that notice of your illiberal and treacherous conduct towards me (with which I am acquainted) that it deserves—But I forbear, because I know that other motives, different from the truth, might be assigned as the cause of our quarrel.—But remember, that there will come a day, in which I shall be free to reckon with you, and then take care.” Having said this, he turned on his heel and walked off. Take a bad man by surprise, and let him have done ever so much to appease his conscience about a particular action, yet, its judgment will abash him, and he will sink into a coward, from the conscious inequality of guilt and probity. Such was the
state

state of Reynel's mind, when he thought that Elliot had found out, that the discovery of his love proceeded from him: he remained silent, as the other went off, not knowing what to do or say, and only muttering something about cowardice, which he was afraid to speak out. As for Elliot, he walked at a round pace, and soon regained his inn; from whence he journeyed immediately to Cambridge.

C H A P. XII.

ON the next morning he went, according to his promise, to visit Lucinda. When he came into the room, he saw a man with her; and Lucy seemed to be a little confused at the sight of him. As he was not a gentleman, however, no suspicions came into the head of Elliot on the subject; and indeed

indeed he was so much taken up with other considerations, that he scarcely minded him until he had quitted the room. Elliot, at this meeting, informed her of his resolution to quit Cambridge in a week, and set out for London. But, as he was very proud, he very imprudently concealed the decrease of his income from her; for thereby he entailed the support of her upon himself, until all his money should be expended: and, even then, he must be under the very same necessity, when he quitted her, of declaring to her his reason for it; or else, by concealing it, give her a bad opinion of him, for withdrawing his promised support, apparently without a cause. After some little hesitation, she told him, that she was rejoiced to hear what he intended, for that she had resolved to go up to London also; and she hoped that he would have no objection to let her travel along with him.

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He replied, that he intended to ride, but that he would do himself the pleasure of attending her, if his horses could keep pace with her carriage ; and if not, he would appoint a place to meet her in London. Having settled this matter, they chatted together on indifferent subjects for some time ; and Stephen, soon after, retired home. He felt uneasy until he regained that solitude where he might feast upon the charms of his mistress treasured in remembrance ; re-picture all the varying sweetneses of her lovely countenance ; image every attitude she stood in as she spoke ; dwell upon the memory of her words ; and catch the soothing melody of her voice, which, whether in company or retirement, seemed always to float upon his ear.

Elliot now employed the intervening time, until his meeting with Lady Adelaide, in preparing for his departure. He paid off all his debts, and
visited

visited all his friends. Among the rest, he went to see Supple—mentioned his intended departure to him ; but said not a word concerning the money which he had lent him, though he had paid the money supposed to be borrowed of a Jew. Supple, who, beside the part he had acted in betraying Elliot, had heard the story of his quarrel with Reynel, represented by the latter in a manner as much to his own credit as to his antagonist's disgrace, wished much to hear the thoughts of Stephen on it. He therefore had the impudence to put a number of questions to him concerning the family, which he thought would lead to it : but our adventurer did not think him a man proper to be entrusted with secrets, although he had not the smallest doubt of his honesty and good nature ; he therefore returned evasive answers to all his questions. Supple conjectured from this, that all he had heard was truth ;

truth; that Elliot was ashamed to declare it; and that it was the dread of Reynel, which was the cause of his quitting Cambridge. Being a talkative man, and thinking that he had nothing to fear from the anger of Elliot (whom, in his own mind, he now esteemed a coward), he spread the story among his acquaintance, "That Elliot had been turned out of Castlemont by Lord Moreton, for making love to one of his daughters; which the young lady had requited, by informing her father of his presumption: and that Reynel had, in quality of a relation, horsewhipped him first, and afterward sent him a challenge—which Elliot had refused to answer, and was quitting Cambridge precipitately, terrified lest Reynel should pursue his resentment further." To this story he always subjoined the observation, "that he really protested, that he wondered at the young man's vanity, to suppose
that

that a young lady of such a fortune would fall in love with him ! That, it is true, he was tolerably well looking ; but then he was nothing but mere outside. He had never in his life known him speak for five minutes, but he must stop to think of what he ought to say next. That he knew not even how to laugh with grace ; and was unable to relate the most trifling story with spirit. That for his part, though he had received some flattering tokens of regard from one of these girls (of which he was not vain—he would not boast), yet still, as a man of honour, he could never think of making love to any girl, without the consent of her father. It was true, indeed, he pitied the poor lad for the treatment he had received from Reynel.—Cowardice was a failing which was often constitutional ; but a man of strong reason could easily overcome the fear of death by reflection : and, for his part,

part, he would say no more, but damn him, if he would not sacrifice any man who would dare to offer him such an insult." This menace would make him stiffen his neck, elevate his arm, as about to strike, and then strut about with all the consequence which the highest degree of self-conceit inspires. This story circulated about with great rapidity; and Stephen, to his great surprise, felt, that in two days time all his acquaintance treated him not only with neglect, but disrespect. This made him imagine, that either the story of his poverty, or of his treatment by Lord Moreton, had gone forth; but he knew that they must have been misrepresented, to cause such marked slight to him as he had experienced. Burning with resentment for the injury which had been done him, he resolved to go among his intimates, to see if they had known any thing of it, or could tell him the author. The first person

person whom he went to was Supple himself; and, after lamenting to him the contemptuous neglect which his acquaintance now of a sudden shewed to him, he said, he knew that this must have originated from some false and scandalous stories having circulated to his disadvantage. He pressed him, therefore, by all the ties of friendship and long acquaintance, to inform him if he had heard of any such, and to give him the author of them if he knew him; "that I may," continued he, "sacrifice him to my injured honour." Supple heard this speech of Elliot's with all the trepidation of a guilty conscience; but, forcing a smile which he had always ready at command, "I protest, my dear fellow," said he, "I never heard any such story of you; you were always, I vow most solemnly, the greatest favourite that I know of among your acquaintance. Do not then trouble yourself with every idle

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rumour; believe me, they are the constant attendants on merit—I am sure, I find it so myself. Come, let the little time you have to spend with us, my dear boy, be dedicated to good humour and sociability among your friends.” Elliot told him, that he must find out the author and the story; “but I am certain that you, my dear Supple, never heard it.” “Me hear it!” answered Supple; “no—ah—O yes (and here he conjured up another Judas’ smile), they would hardly communicate it to me, who they must know would resent it, as your friend.” “And yet,” rejoined our adventurer, “if it should be a friend that had done it, how would it wound me!” This probed the treachery of Supple very home; it was a question put so like Elliot’s having known his baseness, that he started, and changed his yellow hue to pale. “Ah, friend,” said he, “surely you don’t suspect—for my part, I call
Heaven

Heaven to witness, that I have always been loud in your praise ; it is impossible that any one can be so base. Come, I see this matter only serves to torment you ; leave it to me—people will tell their minds more freely to me when they know not the motive of my inquiry, than they will to you, whom they know to be interested in it ; I'll warrant I'll trace it out." His companion thanked him, told him, " that he had never intentionally used one of his friends ill, and therefore could not suspect them of injuring him thus wantonly ; that he would be obliged to him to share the trouble of inquiry with him ; but that the matter was of too great importance to him, to be committed solely to any one ;" and here he took his leave. Supple was now terrified for the liberties he had allowed his tongue, and began to suspect that what he had conjectured of Elliot's cowardice might be false. To prevent

his being mentioned as the author of the scandal, therefore, he went now among those to whom he had traduced Elliot, insinuating his disbelief of the stories which had been propagated to the latter's disadvantage, and proclaiming what a great regard he had for him. This he did not say in such a manner as to put them in mind that he had told the story himself, but so slyly, that they might actually think that they were mistaken, if they supposed that he could be the author of it; or that he might at least make them believe, that in his recital he must have added some qualifying circumstances which they had forgotten.

Elliot, after he quitted Supple, went to his friend Filmer's, whom he found sitting on a chair, which was elevated on the top of a table, and playing the violin. He seemed ashamed at being caught in this situation (for Stephen had walked in without ceremony);

mony); and on being asked the reason of his placing himself so high, he said that he was making an experiment, whether the height improved the tone of the instrument, which he thought it did amazingly. Here he discaunted upon the excellence of the violin, and declared his intention of giving up a good deal of his time to it in future. Elliot perceived by this, that he had got some new project in his head; but he was too much taken up in considering his own affairs to inquire into it; he therefore immediately mentioned to him the cause of his coming. Filmer for some time replied nothing; but on his friend's pressing him very home, he declared to him, "that he had heard a gentleman say, that he had patiently endured an horse-whipping from some one whose name he had forgotten; but as I knew that it must be a lie, I told my informer so," continued Filmer, "and he promised

to mention it again." Elliot requested of him to tell the person's name who told him; he pointed out the necessity of it so strongly, and evinced the danger and disgrace of his being deemed a coward so evidently, that Filmer complied. The thought struck Elliot, that this report must have originated from some story of his Irish servant, whom he knew to be very communicative, and he returned home immediately to ask him about it. When he told Phelim, that he must have said something to his dishonour, and bid him confess the truth, if he expected forgiveness. "Faith, master," answered poor Teague, "they say in my country, that open confession is good for the soul; and I will tell you the truth, in which there shall not be one word of a lie. I remember I did say something to your dishonour, if it be that you call a thing which is not to your credit." "How, villain! did you?" interrupted

interrupted Elliot in a passion. "Troth, master, you need not be angry with me," said Phelim, scratching his shoulders, "for I was a little in liquor when I said it, and I hope that no one will believe such a terrible thing of you." "Tell it me," cried Stephen, raising his voice, "that I may put you to death for your treachery." "Pullaloo, that would be a hard case indeed! put me to death for saying that you were not as fond of a pretty girl as I was; I am sure you would not serve your poor Phelim so bad as that." "But did you never say any thing but that? Did you never say, that somebody had horse-whipped me?" "Me say it!" exclaimed the Irishman, "Me say that somebody horse-whipped my master! Why, do you think I would disgrace myself by telling such a thing? Arrah, I believe you take me for a Frenchman, or a spaniel dog, that I would own how I lived with a fellow that would bear a
B 4 blow!"

blow!" This supposition of Elliot's, that Phelim would tell lies of him, and those of such a nature too, vexed him more than if he had actually attempted to put him to death; and his master was obliged to condescend a good deal to pacify him, so highly did he resent this affront done to his integrity. Our adventurer now went to the gentleman from whom Filmer had heard the story, who, after a deal of apology for having himself mentioned it, declared who his author was. He would have gone to that gentleman immediately; but he considered, that he also might have heard it from another, who in his turn might refer him to some one else, and that thus he would not perhaps be able to trace it to its source, while he remained in Cambridge. He resolved, therefore, to invite all his acquaintance to sup with him at a tavern, on the night before he left the College,

College, and to prepare himself for tracing out the calumny, by putting the question to them all.

C H A P. XIII.

THE day at length came, on the evening of which Lady Adelaide had promised to give Elliot a parting interview. He set out pretty early for Castlemont, for his impatience would not brook delay; and having put his horses up at the old place, he himself at the first approach of evening walked to the grove, and again took refuge in his former hiding-place. There he waited in the utmost anxiety; he dreaded that company, that rain, or some other accident, trivial in itself, might deprive him of the greatest happiness he expected for a long time, and might leave him in a state of doubt about the

place he held in her esteem, which would, during his absence, create perpetual wretchedness to him. But it was in vain that he watched the moment of her approach with restless expectation; the night came, and his mistress did not appear. Yet he could not resolve to quit the spot; he still entertained idle hopes of her coming, long after she could not have left the house without being missed by her father and mother. At length the clouds began to lower, the wind to rise, and it rained most dreadfully. Stephen then quitted the shelter of the thicket, distracted with conjectures of her having forgotten him, or, what was worse, of her being ill. Having indulged himself with a sight of the mansion which contained her, he went towards the inn dispirited, fatigued, and chilled with the cold and rain. When he arrived there, he dispatched his servant immediately back to the house,

house, ordering him to see Lady Adelaide's maid, to inquire from her how her mistress was, and, if possible, to learn what the state of her mind was with regard to him. O'Flanagan, although it continued to rain very hard, set out with alacrity on this expedition; for, besides his inclination at all times to serve his master, he had a particular liking for being employed in transactions of this nature. Our adventurer, during his absence, remained in a state of great uneasiness, sitting by the kitchen-fire; he cursed his servant for his slowness, and thought that he ought to have been back again before he got there. While he was sitting thus, a poor woman came in begging leave to dry herself. The people of the house would have turned her away from the fire, under pretence that she would molest the gentleman, had not Elliot with his wonted good nature insisted upon her sitting

down. Her appearance, which was decent, even in rags, shewed that she had once known better days ; and our adventurer inquiring into her story, confirmed the supposition.

“ I had once, Sir,” said she, “ my cows and my pigs ; my husband was an industrious man ; but unfortunately for him, he had his land by some lease, out of which he had a right to vote, instead of having it as all poor people ought. Lord ! Sir, this made my poor man be much courted at particular times by the gentlefolk. His own landlord used to make him fine speeches and promises ; and another great gentleman used to come and make him finer speeches and promises again, if he would poll for him—I think that’s what they call it. These promises, to be sure, and the shakes of the hand he got from such fine gentlemen, almost turned my husband’s brain, and many and many is the time I advised him
not

not to mind any of their fine words. But it was all to no purpose; and, God rest him! he used to talk about his liberty and his property, as if he had no right at present to go where he pleased, and was worth two hundred pounds a year, which he was afraid somebody they called the court would take from him. At last the time for putting up for members came, and my poor husband must go like a fool, and vote against his landlord, for the gentleman who had promised him the world and all if he would do it. Well, to make an end of a long story, vote he did, sure enough, like a fool; for what business has a poor man, Sir, to do any thing but what the person who is over him, and in whose hands he is, bids him? Our landlord, to be sure, was vexed at this, and he made his steward distrain for a year's rent, which he had promised to forgive, if we would do in the election as he bid us.

My

My husband went immediately off to the gentleman for whom he had voted, and huzzaed ; but the poor gentleman was so taken up with the affairs of the nation, that he could never find time to speak with him afterwards ; or indeed, I am sure he would have done all he promised, for what is a gentleman, Sir, without he keeps his word ? Our cows were then sold ; and my poor man had got, by this cursed business of voting, such a habit of talking about liberty and reading the newspapers, that he could do nothing else. His affairs went to ruin, and in despair he drank himself to death. I was soon turned out of my little farm, which was given to a man that had taken a false oath for the squire, the same election that my husband voted against him. My goods were all seized at his death ; and I should have been turned in my old days upon the parish, had not an angel of a young gentleman

man given me thirty pounds to relieve me, though I never saw him in my life. I have, by this means, been able to take the little cottage, just on the side of the common, where I strive to live with my daughter, who is now seventeen, and a great deal too handsome for a poor woman's child; and, indeed, there is a young man comes a-courting to her; who, for all his fine speeches, has, I'm afraid, no good designs." Elliot, who perceived that she was the woman, the relieving whom had been the cause of his quarrel with Reynel, commiserated her situation, and gave her two guineas; telling her, that he was the person who had formerly assisted her, that he would go see her, and cautioning her to be very watchful over the conduct of the young man, if his condition in life was superior to her daughter's. He would have proceeded to inquire more particularly into that affair, but that his
man

man had now returned almost drowned with the rain. He immediately took him aside, and asked him what news? "Faith, master," replied Phelim, trembling, "I have no news; but that I believe that the mistress and the maid are both mad?" "How mad?" said Elliot, "what is it you mean?" "Why, indeed, I mean, that they are both mad, that's all; for I asked Mrs. Clarinda how her Lady was? and she told me that you were a rogue. So then I bid her be civil, and give good words, and I asked her how was herself? when 'faith she affronted me, by telling me that I was no better than my master." "Pooh, my dear," said I, "what's the meaning of all this? Sure you and your mistress won't be so hard-hearted as to reject your two faithful lovers." "Get-a-gone," answered the vixen, "I once thought you an honest fellow, but I now find that you are worse than your master: you know all his
his

his wickedness, and yet you conceal it." "I protested that I was as innocent as the child unborn; but troth it was all in vain, for she told me that you had seduced some woman, and got her with child, and that I was assisting of you. She said, moreover, that her mistress had desired her to go out to tell you, on the evening she had appointed to meet you, that your conscience must tell you, that you could never expect to see her again, as she knew of your ungenerous behaviour. But she said truly, that as she had company herself, she could not find time to go to you, until it was too late at night to trust herself out. These Sir, were her very words, I'd take my bible oath, and 'faith I stood up for your honour, and called her Lady something that I dare not tell you; so we quarrelled, and here I am, with nothing for my pains but a good wetting." "Are you sure of this?" said Elliot,

Elliot, his eyes sparkling with rage, disappointment and despair. "To be sure, I am sure of it," answered his man; "what do you think I'd get by telling a lie?" "Then go, saddle the horses immediately. I will go to Cambridge this night, that I may stay as short a time as possible near that capricious girl." The horses were soon brought to the door, and master and man set out immediately, though it continued to rain as hard as it could pour. Stephen, as he rode along, entertained the highest degree of resentment against his mistress, for what he termed her infidelity; and he worked himself up into such a passion, that by the time he got home, he fancied he hated her sincerely; as well for her disappointing him, as for inventing a calumny of him to justify her inconsistency. In this temper he went to sleep; but this violent bending of his inclination against its natural tendency, served

served only to make it return with additional force to its wonted position. When he awakened, he felt as if his heart had been oppressed during the night with some great weight, and he began to reflect upon the transactions of the former evening with the greatest anxiety. He was now disposed to take the part of Lady Adelaide in every thing: his passion deceived his memory: events no longer wore the same appearance that they did last night: every circumstance that tended to make his mistress appear false or unjust, had vanished, and he was now as ingeniously sophistical to comfort himself, as he had been when going to bed to make himself wretched. To prove her inculpable, he fancied his man false, her maid treacherous, and even himself guilty of some misconduct which merited her displeasure.

O women, if you knew the extent of your power, you would hold the
sceptre.

sceptre and diadem in scorn ; could you see those who truly love at every moment, when with you and without you, you would not envy those talents you can annihilate in a moment : could you know our doubts, our fears, our sufferings, it would have one good effect, at least in every gentle, virtuous bosom ; you would pity the sincere passion you could not reward, nor triumph in the wretchedness you are unwilling to relieve.

The part of Phelim's story, which mentioned that he had seduced a woman, he now firmly believed to relate to his amour with the widow Marchmont ; which he supposed had reached her ears, through the industrious malice of Reynel. The idea, that he was guilty, melted away his hasty anger in a moment ; and he resolved to sue for a reconciliation. For this purpose, he wrote a letter filled with the tenderest complaints of her cruelty,
pro-

protestations of his own innocence, and concluding with intreaties, that she would favour him with an interview. He dispatched Phelim immediately away with it, giving him orders to deliver it into her own hands if possible; and if not, to give it to her maid, with five guineas by way of a douceur for her trouble in carrying it. He also directed him to get from her, if he could (as if for himself), one of the little velvet collars which Lady Adelaide sometimes wore about her neck. "Well, Sir, tell me," says Phelim, "what do you mean to do with that?" "I-mean to wear it," cried Elliot, "as a perpetual remembrancer to my love, and as a solace to the affliction arising from absence."—"Arrah, master," replied the man, looking roguishly, "would you not be more obliged to me, if I could steal one of her garters?" Stephen bid him be gone, and do as he was bid; but
could

could not help smiling at the conceit. Our adventurer called on Filmer, soon after he had sent off his servant, and requested of him to dine with him, that they might go together to the tavern in the evening; for this was the night on which he had invited every one with whom he was acquainted in Cambridge to sup with him. He knew that the scandal had been generally circulated, and he was resolved that the refutation should be as general. He and his friend went early to the tavern, and none of his acquaintance disappointed him; for, though they all affected to despise his character from the story they had heard of him, yet none of them had the least objection to making merry at his expence. Elliot had said nothing about the business on which he had invited them, until supper was over, and the cloth removed. As soon as that had taken place, he arose and
said,

said, "Gentlemen, I would wish to
esteem and to be esteemed by you all;
and it is for this purpose that I did
myself the honour of inviting you to
meet me here on this evening. Now
this is impossible, while any thing is
believed on either side to the disadvan-
tage or dishonour of the other. A
story has been, I understand, circu-
lated with respect to me, that I have
tamely submitted to an horse-whip-
ping. I am sure that no one can think
well of me, who thinks this to be
truth; nor can I think well of him,
that thinks so meanly of me as to be-
lieve it. It is, therefore, our mutual
interest to trace this matter up to its
original source; and for my part, I
am determined to shew the rascal, who
invented this lie, that I am more likely
to give a horse-whipping, than to en-
dure one. I shall now, gentlemen,
begin with the man who was so truly
my friend, as to tell me what was
thus

thus clandestinely injuring me in the estimation of all my acquaintance; and from him, I shall trace it to the man who can produce no authority at all for his calumny." He then asked Filmer for his author, who pointed to one who sat near him, and he to another, who acknowledged that he heard it from Supple; and added in his own excuse, that he never would have repeated it, if he had not heard it from one who was so intimate a friend of Mr. Elliot's, as he knew Mr. Supple to be. Elliot stood silent for some time, thinking that Supple would have given him the lie direct; so little did he imagine, that a man whom he had lived on habits of intimacy with, and whom he had laid under obligations to him, could be capable of declaring such an unprofitable falsehood of him. Supple, who wished himself at the devil, for his folly in coming to supper that night, instead of denying it,

it, began to explain it away; "protesting that there was no one for whom he had a greater regard than his dear friend Elliot, and that what he had said, he reported merely as news, which he did not believe, nor wish to go further." The gentleman, however, who had referred to him, declared that he had not put it in that light; and two or three more, who, in the instantaneous warmth of their hearts, wished to do our hero justice for the injury they had done him, testified the same thing. Supple was now in the utmost confusion: he did not know what to say: he was discovered as the inventor of a lie beyond the power of refutation, as he had not had the courage to stand out in it, but had pusillanimously endeavoured to explain it away; and he wished almost above life that he could steal away from the company unnoticed. Elliot seeing that the imputation was thrown upon him

beyond his power of shaking it off, asked him, from whom he had heard it? He answered, with a lie, that it was from a servant of Mr. Reynel's. "Then, Sir," said Elliot, "as you are the first person with the appearance of a gentleman, who has mentioned it, it is with you my resentment must rest; and though from the lies you told me, and the hypocrisy you displayed, when I questioned you in private on this very subject, I cannot believe a word you say; I must insist upon your retracting every word of that story, and declaring that you believe it (as you know you do) to be an infamous falsehood." This bitter humiliation Supple submitted to, dreading the consequences of not complying; for the man who deals in private scandal, seldom possesses sufficient courage to brave the consequences of detection. When he had done this, Elliot desired him to quit the room, telling him

him that he was not fit company for gentlemen; but that, in consideration of his former regard for him, he would spare him the punishment of an horse-whipping, which he had intended for the author of the calumny; "and indeed," added he, "I believe you have already received more disgrace than you have spirit to wipe off." Stephen then turned to the rest of the company, and said, as Supple was quitting the room, "Now, gentlemen, that I have cleared up my reputation, I leave it to yourselves, if you have not all used me ill, as well as acted imprudently, in believing a scandalous story, without considering whether it accorded with your own observation of the person's character who was affected by it. Consider that, if every one is as credulous as you are, none of your own characters are safe; and that not only if you have a false friend, but while there is a wicked man in the

community, the most innocent cannot be free from shame, if every malicious invention concerning him is to be credited." The whole meeting begged his pardon, and declared in general, that they had told it rather for chat than because they believed it. So little do men regard truth, when they wish to avoid the appearance of a meanness. It was not Elliot's business, however, to take exception to what they said, nor to point out that they had acted worse, if they had circulated what they did not believe, than if they had told what they did. The evening concluded with the greatest festivity and good-humour, and every one felt the sincerest regret for our hero's departure from Cambridge. Thus did Stephen luckily get out of a scrape, which might have cost him a great deal of trouble, and did away that opinion of his cowardice, which, had it not been removed thus early, might

might have cost him the hazard of two or three duels to eradicate.

C H A P. XIV.

ELLIOT, on coming home, found his man ready to receive him with so blank a countenance, that he said to Phelim, "You need not torture me with repeating what you heard, for I read bad news in your looks." "'Faith, Sir," answered his man, "I am glad that my face can write so well, for by my soul it is more than my hands can ; but, indeed, Sir, there is bad news, sure enough. When I came to the house, Lady Adelaide's maid told me—(and by the bye, she's grown as faucy as the devil himself)—she told me, I say, that her mistress was indisposed, and had kept her chamber all yesterday. That I be-

lieve to be true enough, though it came from her; for Robin the butler, as honest a soul as ever opened a bottle, or brushed saw-dust from a cork, told me the same thing, as I was sitting with him, and whispered to me, that he thought it was all through vexation, because she could not see you; but 'faith I told him, that he did not know all, or he would not say so. I next was for giving the letter to her, and wanted to bribe her with a kiss to carry it; but upon my conscience the dirty quean would take neither one nor t'other. So I was fain to lug out something that I thought she would like better, and I gave her the five guineas. Ogh! then in a minute she took the letter, and away she ran with it; but by and by she comes back with a face as long as my arm, declaring that she could hardly persuade her lady to read it, though she went on her two bended knees to her. That
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at last she was prevailed on, with a good deal to do ; and when she had read it, she said, that she never desired to hear any thing further about the gentleman who had sent the letter, or his protestations ; that she was satisfied in her own mind of his baseness beyond the power of deception to do away ; and that if he sent any more letters or messages, she would inform her father, and get the bearer used very roughly. These, Sir, are her own words ; for I made Madam Clarinda repeat them until I got them by heart, because I knew that you would like to hear them." Stephen made not the least remark on this news, but retired immediately to his own chamber, where he acted a thousand extravagances. But this delirium of passion soon subsided, and he endeavoured to confirm his resentment by reflecting on her conduct. " How finely," said he, " did she conceal her dislike of me, un-

til she perceived I was enthralled! In what a cruel manner does she tyrannize over me! She has kindled my hopes; but to mislead me, she has lifted me up with expectations, but to plunge me the deeper into misfortune! Away, false-hearted, cruel girl! all beautiful as you are," said he, looking wistfully at her picture, "I will tear you from my heart; yes, though my life-strings were twined round your image. Alas! Adelaide, fatally for me they are so. Yet, why am I alone destined to be miserable? Why is she kind, generous, affable, condescending and humane, to every one but me? Adelaide, where is that pity I have seen you melt with at an outcast's sorrow. I too am an outcast from every thing. Why are you meek as Heaven's own dove to others, and alone haughtily cruel, and treacherously tyrannical, to me? Is it such a crime to love thee, cruel, cruel Adelaide?

laide? Let me, however, fly, that she may not increase her triumph by seeing the extent of my misery. That, however," continued he, raising himself up, and making as it were an effort to hate her, "can never be: her conduct has, thank Heaven, destroyed my affection, and I can now quit Cambridge without reluctance, in obedience to the commands of my friends." Having said this, he rang the bell precipitately, and ordered Phelim to have the horses ready in the morning for a journey to London, and to go as soon as he could with propriety to Lucinda's, to remind her that she was to set out in the stage, and that he would accompany her on horse-back. He had not seen this lady these four days past; and she had sent to him on that very day, to put him in mind of her having taken a place in the coach for London. To this message Stephen had sent no answer, as he did not then

know but Lady Adelaide might have appointed a meeting with him; in which case, the commands of a king would not have forced him away. When he had delivered these orders to his servant, he flung himself on his bed, but remained a stranger to rest. So much had love taken possession of his faculties, that not even the fatigue his mind underwent in teasing itself, could tire it into a short startling slumber. Elliot in the morning was in a state of the greatest irresolution; one while he wished to stay at Cambridge, that he might make one effort more to see her, and try to obtain an explanation of the cause of her sudden anger. But the thoughts of her causeless disappointment of his hopes, and her subsequent message, made him again resolve to be gone. Still, however, love continued playing about the balance; and in all probability would have made the scale of delay pre-

preponderate, had not his man rapped at the door, and told him that Lucinda was waiting for him below. He immediately arose and went to her; and as he could not now invent any excuse to delay his departure, he was forced, though with reluctance, to comply, and ordered Phelim to follow him with the horses to the stage-coach, to which place he walked in company with the lady. After he had put her into it, he had not much time to listen to the coachman cursing his passengers' delay, until his horses came: he mounted with a sorrowful heart, and followed the coach the road to London. As a support to his resolution, he made his man again repeat to him the message which had thus filled his mind with so much woe. "Yes," said he, suppressing a sigh when he had heard it, "she wishes me wretched, but her ill usage will make me forget her. I hope I have now

made an happy effort towards it ; for I feel much lighter of heart, and more indifferent to her than I did before you repeated the heart-rending message this last time. There are several aggravating circumstances, which shew her wish to kill me with her cruelty. How did I come to forget them? If I had remembered them, I would not have been such a fool as to grieve so much for losing all hopes of seeing her again." " And pray now, master," said Phelim, thinking that he had recovered his spirits a little, " a'nt you very wrong to be so sad about nothing? Thank God, she's not the only young lady in the world. Why, Lord help you! what would you do, if you had so much to trouble you as I have?" " So then, I suppose," replied Elliot, willing to divert his thoughts, if possible, by any conversation from his mistress, " you imagine that your situation in life is more unhappy than mine?"

mine?" "Indeed, to be sure, I do," replied the man; "and if you please, I will prove it."

Elliot bid him go on; when, riding up close to his master, and putting his whip and bridle into his left hand, that he might leave his right unencumbered for action while he was speaking, he began as follows: "Master, it is the first time I ever heard it disputed, that the life of a servant is not the most wretched whatever; are we not up early and late, and do we not toil to get us bread? Then are we ever masters of our own time, or left to follow our own inclinations? We cannot indulge ourselves as you gentlemen can—get up when you please, lie down when you please, eat what you please, and, after it, drink your belly full of good liquor. Then if it rains, master lolls and snores in his coach; the noise and the swinging putting him into sleep, for
all

all the world as the rocking and lullaby does a child in its little cradle. The poor servant, at the same time, though he is flesh and blood as well as his master, must stand behind on his tippy-toes, his cheeks almost shaken off of him with the jolting of the coach wheels, and wet to the skin, unless his master or mistress is so kind-hearted as to give him a *nomparell*. What miseries have you to endure in comparison with these? Not to mention the danger of our being turned off, and the want we are sometimes reduced to; for, as the proverb says, there is a slippery stone at every gentleman's hall door." "I see," said Elliot in reply, "that all the evils you complain of, are mere sensual desires and corporal uneasinesses, without taking into consideration such as arise from the inclinations and wishes of the mind, independent of its appetites. I must confess that,

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in my calmer days, I thought that all conditions in life were pretty equally happy. The gratification of our appetites will, after a little custom, be equally attainable, whether we revel in the luxuries of the age, or live with the coarsest peasant: whatever we are familiarized to, our taste misprizes, whether it be costly or not. The rest depends upon the mind, which, to me, seemed to possess the power of reconciling itself to every situation in a pretty equal degree; and that the content and disquiet of every man in any rank, depended not upon his situation, but his natural disposition. There is still something for vanity to be content with, and something to be wished for; something to leave the human mind dissatisfied, and give the impulse to action, in the station of the king and that of the footman. Therefore I once held, that bodily pain, and the absolute loss of liberty, were
the

the only two things which caused a difference in human felicity, as far as external matters had any influence over it. But I now think, that the station of the rich is the most unhappy; for our wishes increase in that station much beyond what our power of satisfying them does; and we have always found, that the man who wishes least, is more happy than he who has most ability to gratify his wishes, but, who also desires much; for these gratifications, in that very act of being satisfied, beget new wishes more difficult to satiate. I imagine, however, that I am talking above your comprehension." (To this Phelim assented with a shrug;) "I will therefore, to adapt it to your capacity, compare the life of the master and his footman: you say, that the servant is restrained to obey the commands, and follow the opinion of another. Is not the master, in like manner, restrained
and

and enslaved to the opinion of the world? And is the changeable tyranny of many, less painful than that of one? As to your toiling, are not we obliged to toil too? We are necessitated to provide for your maintenance, to watch the roguery of tenants, to guard against the accidents to which riches are liable, to strive to augment them; and even, if we need not do this, our indolence is a labour. The regularity and uniformity of your work, makes it easy and familiar to you. You have no increasing burthen of cares; and your mind is at rest while your body is employed. But the diversity and difficulty of our employments fatigue both. As to mere sensual pleasures, how great is the advantage in your favour! You must enjoy every simple produce of nature in as great perfection as we do. The milk flows as sweet for you as for your sovereign; the beef and
mutton

mutton we must supply you with are as good; your clothing is equally comfortable and useful; superior fineness is scarce more than an imaginary perfection. Every thing which nature originally intended for this kingdom you enjoy, even more than what its princes and nobles were, for ages, obliged to be content with, while labour quickens your appetites, and enriches you with a taste unknown to the rich. And what privilege do we assume, except the power of importing and combining foreign luxuries, strangers to our climate, and pernicious to our constitution? and even of these you contrive to obtain your share. Then, if you love, you have no imaginary niceties and customary difficulties to overcome; all that is incumbent on you, is to please the woman you admire. You are seldom teized with coquetry, perplexed with settlements which put your wife
out

out of your power, or thwarted in your desires by the unfeeling avarice of parents. What have you to do, but lie down and sleep, as you have seen the end of your care; happy as the creatures of the field, to whom nature has given an ample recompence for the shortness of their life, in that happy want of foresight in which they spend it? How unlike to us, whose pillow must be the scene of anxious reflection, whom care tears from the arms of sleep, or presses on us in our dreams! You have no imaginary honour to defend, which depends on the fidelity of another; no brittle reputation to preserve, which the imprudence of a moment, or the calumny of a villain, may destroy; no children to educate beyond the rules of honesty and laborious industry. When you joy, you joy as heartily as we do; perhaps you may not be sensible of it so often, as you are less acquainted with the pleasures

pleasures of imagination ; but if you are so, you are less tormented with the sorrows which arise from this same refinement of notions :—evils, which vastly overbalance the satisfaction arising from any pleasures we may experience above you.” “ Faith, master, all you have said,” answered his man, “ will not convince me. But, if you are of the opinion you say you are, don’t you think you’d better change situations with me ; as you know that you would be much happier as a footman, than as a gentleman ? and for my part, I think that I’d become the gentleman vastly.” “ Not so, Mr. O’Flanagan,” replied Elliot ; “ I am not saying, that if I was now reduced to the state of a footman, I should be as happy as I am in my present situation ; but only if I had been in my youth intended for such an office, and had never been raised out of that station, my happiness would not have been a sufferer.

Now

Now I have habits to overcome, and desires to conquer, which are too strong for me to subdue; and I should be quite miserable in not being, in some measure, able to gratify them."

C H A P. XV.

THIS discourse brought them to the inn where the stage coach stopped for dinner. When the coach had stopped, as Elliot handed Lucinda out, she whispered him to get a room for themselves; and to this he was before inclined from the glimpses he got of the company he must otherwise have, as he gave his arm to support Lucy.— They were scarcely shewn into one, when she began to make her complaints to Elliot, declaring, that she was almost poisoned with the various bad smells and impertinences which she had

had met with from her fellow travellers. "One of them," said she, "is a fat butcher's wife, wrapt up in a white bed-gown, and I believe she out-does the man himself in belly and beard; and the other (for, thank God, there are but two) is a complaisant shopkeeper. The lady insisted upon having a little burnt Geneva before breakfast to keep the wind out of her stomach, the fumes of which were insupportable; and the shopkeeper, complaining that he was subject to the colic, took a large head of garlick, which, to comfort me (for, out of politeness, he sat opposite to me, with his back to the horses), he told me promoted belching vastly. Then," said she, "you have no notion of how I was tormented with their sort of talk. The fat woman dwelt upon the snug situation of her husband, who could afford to eat his beef-steak every day—aye, and thank nobody for it; and the gentleman
took

took a pleasure in pointing out the prospects to me, and in pressing me, every place the coach stopped at, in spite of my most obstinate refusals, to drink some brandy and water. Lucy, who was for some reason or other in very good spirits, mimicked their manners as she related the story; and she would have gone on with a much longer narration, if the door had not opened, and exhibited, to their great astonishment, the shopkeeper himself. He made a thousand bows; "hoped that they would not be offended at his taking the liberty to club with them;" adding with a simper, "that the good lady there, had been so very facetious all the way, that he could not think of being out of her company a moment, while it was in his power to be there." He sat down without further ceremony, at one time stroking his chin, then his belly, and at another twirling his thumbs with inconceivable awkwardness.

ness. Lucy, who scorned his appearance in her heart, was much chagrined at this intrusion; while Elliot, who had not been long enough acquainted with the world, to get rid of impertinence at the expence of sacrificing his natural politeness, told him, "that he did him a great deal of honour in favouring him with his company." The shopkeeper was beginning to travel on that high road to conversation the weather, by observing, that they were lucky in getting so fine a day; when they heard a bustling in the passage, and the voice of a man saying, "Indeed, woman, but you can't." "A f—t for you, you rogue, I will pass in spite of your teeth. What if they have given orders to be by themselves, I am sure they can have no dislike to a little good company; and I can drink my glass, and pay my reckoning as well as the best of them all, for their lives."—When this speech was closed, the door burst

burst violently open, and discovered the red-visaged and corpulent fellow-traveller of Lucy's, sweating with the fatigue and vexation arising from the opposition she had met with to her entrance. She flounced into the room with such violence, that she was unable to stop herself until she had got into the middle of it. When she had recovered her breath sufficiently to speak, she cried, "Servant, gentlefolks! Here's a saucy dog of a waiter told me you wanted to be alone; but I would not believe the fellow; because I knew that no young woman had any business to be left alone with any young man."

"Upon my word, Madam," said Lucinda, perhaps more moved at being called by the contemptuous term, young woman, than by her insinuation, "this is great freedom." "Yes, my dear," answered the other, "I love to make free; I'm not one of your mealy-

mouthed people ; but I dare say you never thought of ordering dinner until I came : oh, let the butcher's wife alone for thinking of the meat." " Do you hear, you Mr. What d'ye call'em?" says she, turning to Elliot, ring the bell, that I may order a pork griskin, or some other nice thing ; for I'm so hungry that I could eat a piece of a horse behind the saddle." Elliot, hardly able to keep himself from laughing, rang the bell ; and he winked at Lucy to be quiet, whom he saw grow red with vexation. When the waiter came up, she bawled out to him, " Well, what have you got to eat in this here house?" The waiter, among other things, mentioned a hough of beef. " Ay, a very delicate thing," said she ; " be sure you have some carrot with it ; and don't you think that will do, Mr. Bobbin?" continued she, turning to the shop-keeper. " Indeed, Madam, you have," replied he, " hit my taste exactly.

exactly. I protest I take it to be vastly delicious, but may-be the Lady will choose something else?" "You need not trouble yourself about me, Sir," returned Lucinda with a great deal of stateliness; "I shall order a couple of chickens, as I declare I never sat at table with such a piece of beef in my life." This, by the bye, was a fib of Lucy's, to increase her own consequence. "Chickens!" exclaimed the woman; "pshah! we'll have none of these wishy-washy things." Women who have a dislike to one another, cannot keep as long from quarrelling as men; and Lucy, starting up, said, "I hope, Madam, I may order what I please for myself in my own room, without the interference of any one." "I believe, Madam," retorted the butcher's wife, "it is as much my room as yours. I know I must pay my share of the expences of it, and I think my money is as good as yours; it is every bit as

sweet, though you have got a long train at your tail. Marry come up, indeed, it is easy to bespeak dainties, when others are to go halves in the payment." Elliot whispered Lucy to let her alone, for that she would only get herself abused in a contest, by which she might lose a good deal, and could gain nothing. This prudent admonition she would perhaps, in her passion, have disregarded, had not he promised to have the affront avenged, by making Phelim play some trick on this mannish woman. He next spoke to the termagant passenger, and said, "that since she did not please to have chickens, he would order them to be put in a separate bill." The shopkeeper rubbed his hands with joy, to hear that he was to share things he was not to pay for; but this would not content her whom it was meant to appease. "No, Sir," said she, "I'm as well able to pay for dainties as any
fine

fine coated gentry of you all; and do you hear, Mr. Waiter, get twice as many chickens as that there Lady ordered, to shew them that I am—" The waiter retired to execute her orders, ready to burst his sides with laughing; dinner was soon after served up, and the female butcher grew tolerably good-humoured. She sat next the chickens, and Elliot begged of her to help him to a part of one of them. To dissect them was beyond her skill; and after a deal of sawing and hacking she threw down her knife; and swearing that it was devilish tough, she took the chicken in both her hands, and fairly tearing it in two, laid one part on Elliot's plate and the other on the dish, licking her fingers very composedly after it. Our adventurer, who did not much admire this new-fashioned method of carving, very politely insisted upon the shop-keeper's taking what had been thus

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given

given to him, and helped himself from another chicken. During dinner, it astonished Elliot to perceive the greedy eye with which his guests viewed every thing at the table; to see how they would look at any thing that they thought better than the other dishes, if it were half consumed; and what haste they would make to finish their plate full, that they might get more of it. When wine was handed about, the butcher's spouse declared that she had never tasted it, but that she would do so now for curiosity. She had scarce taken a good large sup of it, when she spurted it all out again on the shop-keeper and his plate, who luckily sat beside her. Great was his mortification at this; for he had just helped himself to the remainder of a pudding, which he was now obliged to send away, rather through shame, than any delicacy of appetite. The rest of the company could not restrain

strain their laughter; but the female who had committed the mistake, was not to be put out of countenance at it; and she said, "Well, good folk, you may laugh on, but was I to blame? It is as sour as floe-juice, and that vagrant waiter has forgot, in making it, to put the sugar in it; 'tis just like vinegar and water; here, waiter, bring me half a pint of brandy." She solaced herself with this, wanting Lucinda to join her; and on her refusal, she said, laughing, "that no doubt if she had it in a corner, she would take a mouthful of it as well as another." The spirit of Lucy was rising with great impetuosity, when word came in luckily, that the coachman would not stay a moment longer. The bill was immediately called for; and after several exclamations from Mr. Bobbin, and curses from his enraged fellow-traveller, they both paid their respective shares of it, and Lucy de-

clared her intentions to go no further that night. This surprised them very much ; to think that she should throw away so much money for a seat in the coach, and afterwards not take the worth of her penny out of it in riding. The butcher's wife intreated her in vain ; and being heated with what she had drank, she got into a passion at some contemptuous expressions Lucy let drop. As she was going out of the room, she therefore said, " Well, just as you chuse ; I believe as how your room is as good as your company any day in the year. 'Tis not for nothing that you stay behind ; such handsome young men are not to be met with at all times ; and though we ride in stage-coaches, thank God we're honefter than those who think themselves too good for it." This speech raised the anger of Elliot to a great height ; and he would, perhaps, have been tempted to have done something he must have immediately

immediately repented of, if the Irishman, who, having attended at dinner, had been by at the whole transaction, had not given him the wink, as much as to say, Let me alone, and I'll make you amends. Going up to her with a smile on his face, he says to her, "Arrah, won't you let me hand your Ladyship down stairs?" "Indeed I will," answered she, "and thank your asking; you are a thousand times a more mannerly fellow than your master there, who never once offered me his hand to lean on." Phelim supported her down stairs with great apparent care: he squeezed her hand most lovingly, and she returned it as cordially; whispering him, that if ever he went to see her at Cambridge, he should be sure of a good rump steak, and a pot of stout beer. They had now got just to the coach-door, and Phelim had placed a bucket of water, which had been intended for the horses,

almost close to the step. When she had mounted the first step, he begged of her to lean as much as she could upon him; which she doing, and her weight inclining the coach to the side she was at, so as to make the step slant, her supporter, on a sudden, slackened his arm, down she slipped; and as she was going, he gave her a judicious shove which put one of her legs into the bucket. She fell with violence on her back, bringing the bucket along with her, and received all the cold water about her. There she lay for some time, to the inexpressible laughter of the standers by, until her face, already inflamed with a double portion of fire from the brandy she had drank, grew black with bawling to the people to take her up, and inveighing with great virulence against the Irishman. Her fellow traveller at length raised her; but when she got up, her foot was rammed into the bottom of the bucket, so that she could

could not get it out; and, as she attempted to walk to a bench to sit down, she knocked the handle of the bucket so violently against the other leg, that she roared with the pain. At last, however, this troublesome appendage was pulled off with a violent wrench, which went near to spraining her foot. She now wanted to bribe the coachman to stay until she had dried herself: but, through the interference of Phelim, he was inexorable; and she was obliged to set off, wet as she was, cursing the Irishman, who stood by laughing at her misfortunes, and swearing, that if ever she caught him in Cambridge, she would get his jacket well trounced for him.

Elliot and Lucy were now left alone together, and they agreed not to quit the inn until morning. After tea had been served up, the conversation was insensibly turned by Lucy upon Lady Adelaide Moreton; and

she not only questioned Elliot about her, but also concerning his passion for her. Stephen could not conceive how she had come to the knowledge of this affair, as he never had mentioned a word of it to her. But he took it for granted that it had transpired through the ill-nature of Supple; or perhaps through the talkativeness of the Irishman. He looked upon this, at once, to be true; for there are times when we are such enemies to thinking, that the slightest possibilities will pass with us for truths. He owned his love for her without hesitation; and confessed that his passion had been, as he from the first expected, unsuccessful. Lucy plied his mind with doubts and suspicions of his mistress, until she had worked him up into resentment; and she then expressed her pity for his situation. "Had I had such a lover as you, Elliot," said she, sighing, "I would not have been thus unhappy; I would,

I would, at least, bless and be blessed with the returns of mutual fondness. But, alas ! my portion is misery ; and, when I get to London, what will become of me ?" Here she forced some tears. Elliot, who was not well pleased at her discourse, we will leave the reader to guess whether it was at any particular part, or at all, yet began to comfort her. He assured her of his protection, while it was in his power to give it to her ; and begged of her, as she was so much tired, that she would retire to rest. Without giving her time to reply to a proposal she did not much relish, he rang the bell to order two beds to be prepared, each in a separate room. The man of the house, however, informed them, that a lord's carriage having broken down in the neighbourhood, he and his family were to spend the night here ; and that, as he had supposed them to be man and wife, he had kept but one bed for them both. —What was to be done ? It was now

too

too late to go further on. Lucy displayed all those pretty terrors which handsomely remind a man of female weakness ; and kindly hint to him that he may attempt any thing, as the lady sensibly shews, that she thinks herself unable to resist ; but at last they agreed to sit up together. This was a tempting situation. Lucy again relapsed into grief, and described her unhappiness ; Stephen was again obliged to be the comforter. There are a thousand melting circumstances attending this situation between male and female, which soften the mind, and lull, for a while, the guardians of virtue. Elliot felt that she was lovely ; and he flattered himself that he could forget the charms and ill usage of his mistress in her arms. He professed a passion for her ; and the result of his intreaties, and her reluctance, was an agreement to pass for man and wife, and to begin on that night, by taking possession of the vacant bed which they

they had before resolved should remain unoccupied. Yet how vapid were his joys, even when compared with those he had experienced in the arms of the widow Marchmont! An eager Demon, in the shape of Love at least, presided there over the banquet, gave prolonging sweetness to every kiss, fire to every ecstacy, and endless transport to the night. Thus does our committing a particular action, be it virtuous or vicious, and perhaps the whole bias and tenor of our lives, often depend upon an accident not in our own power. Had there been two beds in the house unengaged, Elliot would have retired early, and Lucinda would not have fallen. Our travellers arose tolerably early, and continued their journey in a postchaise to London, making Phelim lead his master's horse. Thither they got without interruption, and Stephen took lodgings for his present mistress in Jermyn-street, St. James's. He chose this as a retired street,

street, which had a number of private avenues to it, through which he might have access to her without being taken notice of.

C H A P. XVI.

THREE days after Stephen had arrived in London, he resolved to go and visit Lord Sternhold. His money was almost expended, and he did not know where to turn for more: he had, by the imprudent gratification of his passions, tied himself down to the support of another, without being adequate to the maintenance of himself. His possession of Lucy had not cured, but rather, even in so short a time, heightened his passion for Lady Adelaide, by the comparison he could not but make between them. It only therefore made him despair the more of success, as he found that his misconduct

conduct made him more unworthy of her. These were his feelings when he went to Lord Sternhold's; dubious of his reception, and uncertain whether he would not be put to the greatest shifts to struggle for a scanty support. When he knocked at the door of Lord Sternhold's house, which was in Manchester-square, he felt he knew not how; he was sensible that he was, in some measure, coming to beg from a man whom he had never seen, and whom he had laid under no sort of obligation to support him. When the servant had opened the door, he inquired if his master was at home; and being told that he was, he suffered himself to be ushered, in a good deal of confusion, into the room, where a short, thick, white-headed man clad in blue, sat in an arm chair, with a file of newspapers before him. Elliot made him a graceful bow; but, before he could deliver to him the purport

purport of his visit, the admiral says to him in a short manner, with an husky voice, "Servant, Sir, what is your business?" "My Lord," answered Elliot, "I have a letter for you." "Ay," replied he, "all those who trouble me with writing do not consider how bad my eyes are. Well, tell me what is your business; but no matter," continued he, "the letter itself will tell," which he took and opened very deliberately. This preface did not promise any great advantage to Stephen, for he had not yet learned not to trust to outward appearances.

When Lord Sternhold had read part of the letter, he cried, "What, you are a relation of mine, a nephew! Give me your hand, Sir; I always loved my sister Elliot better than any of my family; she has saved me a number of good floggings before now, by excusing my roguery, for I was no favourite

at

at home—but what of that? I'm richer than the whole crew put together now." When he had said this, he again shook Stephen by the hand, swearing "that he was glad to see him; for that such a looking fellow did credit to the family." Then he took him by both the shoulders, and turned him round to examine him; "Come," said he, "you must not mind the freedoms of your uncle; you are a fine built lad, and it is your own fault, if ever you quit this house while you live."

Stephen received his kindness with becoming expressions of gratitude; and indeed he felt doubly the goodness of his reception, as it had been unexpected. Lord Sternhold was a good-natured, unaffected man; but, notwithstanding his oddities, he had been very wild when young, and was sent early to sea, for which he was exactly adapted, being active, courageous, and quite careless of what became
of

of himself. As he grew more of the man, his rashness improved into courage; and his ardent love of his profession acquired him a degree of skill in it, which mere good sense, uninspired by enthusiasm, could never attain.— Hence he rose rapidly to the rank of chief commander of a fleet, after he had long been an inferior officer; and, being one of those happy characters who are too well beloved in the navy, and have too much experience to be dismissed for ill-success, he was too popular among the nation at large, to be laid aside by the ministry for any other cause, without danger to themselves. He had, during the last war, been ordered on the most lucrative cruising station in the service, and had, by his successes, and the number of prizes which his squadron had captured, acquired a large fortune; on which he now retired, rewarded with a title for his eminent services, keeping few traces
of

of the seaman in his manner, except an unpolished sincerity, and undebauched goodness of heart, which spread his table every day for the accommodation of any distressed officer in the service. He prided himself much upon never having received an obligation without returning it, nor an injury without resenting it; and his greatest source of love to Elliot, arose not from the nearness of blood, but from Mrs. Elliot, who was then unmarried, insisting upon his taking all the pocket money she was mistress of, along with him, and also a handsome gold watch, of which she had been made a present, when he was first going to sea. With him our adventurer was now settled; and his situation was far from disagreeable. He had no galling tasks imposed on him, no meanness to submit to; he was master of his own time, provided he was at home at twelve o'clock at night; but it was an established rule with

with his Lordship never to let his doors be open after that hour. If, however, he did not come in for the night, the old seaman would joke with him about a girl. All his task was, to hold to the bottle after dinner, to listen to the Admiral's exploits, repeated a hundred times over when he was in his cups, and bear with his smoking tobacco: all which, Elliot's good-natured willingness to render every body happy, and his regard for his Lordship, made him do with satisfaction. Stephen had now lived here for two months, and went often to see Lucinda, who was, during that time, much changed in her manners. No longer gentle and unassuming, she used to worry him if he was absent a day from her; and perpetually upbraided him about the small income he allowed her—which, indeed, consisted of all the money he could possibly spare. He had never been able to forget the impression which

which

which Lady Adelaide had made on his heart ; his love still remained undiminished. The recollection of her disappointing and quarrelling with him had now faded away ; and hope had even contrived to lay a new foundation to build a temple of felicity upon it. He now abhorred himself for his infidelity to her with Lucinda ; he felt, that by it he had added to his unworthiness to possess her ; and as the Eastern Bramin, who, once he has been defiled by ceremonies inimical to his religion, thinks that he is no longer worthy to be a follower of it, he considered the purity of his passion so far sullied, that it was no longer worthy of a proffer to his mistress. These reflections, which made him look upon Lucinda as the great source of his uneasiness, joined to the alteration in her behaviour, made him gradually neglect her more and more ; and the increasing bad reception he met with from her on that account, still

still lengthened his absence. Elliot was now awakened from that torpor which had so long possessed him, and he resolved to part with Lucinda, but still to allow her what he was able to afford. He felt, that he had lived upon a man who, though a relation, he disdained to be an incumbrance to ; his spirit told him, that it was inconsistent with his honour, thus to remain in idleness, when his mind assured him of success in whatever he might undertake. These ideas, to which the consideration of his love spurred him on, made him resolve to speak to Lord Sternhold on the very next day after dinner, about putting him in some situation in life, by means of which he might be enabled to provide for himself. Elliot lay ruminating on this subject the next morning, when Phelim, whom he had put to live with Lucinda, came and told him, that, "indeed there was the devil to pay ; for that Miss Lucinda and her
maid

maid had staid out all last night: and I believe, for my part," continued he, that she has robbed herself of all her clothes; for I see neither a band-box nor the sign of a rag, nor the tatter of a cloak or coat about the room." Stephen got up, asking him, "How she could do this unknown to him?"—"Why, Sir, they sent myself out to keep places for them in the upper boxes; and before I returned, when the first act was over, they were gone out, and I never closed my eyes since, but only dozed in the chair, waiting up for them." Elliot being now dressed, went immediately with Phelim to Jermyn-street, where he soon became pretty certain, that she was gone without any intention to return. He espied a letter on the table directed to him, which accused him of seducing her, by means of the influence her want of money gave him over her: she inveighed against his ingratitude, declar-

ing that she left him thus, to save herself the disgrace of being turned out by one, who she perceived considered her to be a burthen to him. This letter, though full of misrepresentations, struck forcibly on the mind of Stephen in his present condition. He was not displeased that she was gone; and only wished that she had told him of her intended departure, that he might have given her all the money he had, or could have raised. The Irishman now brought him a little writing-box which was locked; after some deliberation about the propriety of it, he resolved to break it open. When he had effected this, he found nothing in it, but one letter directed to her; this he also opened, and found that it was written in a hand unknown to him. It mentioned, that it was useless to trouble the gentleman any more about money, as he thought her amply recompensed for the story she had told. That the
matter

matter had not been very difficult, as one of the parties was too innocent to doubt her veracity; and the credulity and violent passion of the person she was with, made him unfit to pry into the contrivance, or to stay to see it unravelled. It concluded with declaring, that her interposition was now useless, and that she was at liberty to discover the matter or not, as it was likely to be settled immediately to the gentleman's satisfaction. There was no name to this epistle, which would enable him to trace it to its author; but a thousand suspicions shot across his soul, that something was meant of him and Lady Adelaide. "What else could they impose on me about?—Hence it was, that Lucy seemed so well acquainted with my love to Lady Adelaide, although I had never mentioned it to her. It is true, she must have been some-how an instrument to the villainous designs of others. I am

paid as I deserve for having, like a mad fool, ever quitted Cambridge, until I had heard from Lady Adelaide's own lips, what it was that she had to object to me: this I should have done, though I had been obliged to have forced my way into her presence, and to have spoken in the hearing of her father. But now," continued he, "what is to be done? The letter says that all is settled. O Adelaide! I have lost thee by my rashness, and I shall be miserable for ever." He immediately resolved to return to the neighbourhood of Castlemont, to be certain of his fate. He had sold his horses, and he wished to go in disguise, that he might the better observe what was going on at Lord Moreton's; and, being thus unknown, have it more easily in his power to see Lady Adelaide, which he firmly resolved to do, before he returned again from the country. He ordered Phelim to borrow a livery for him,

him, from one of Lord Sternhold's footmen who was about his size, as he had determined to travel as his fellow-servant. Having obtained leave of absence from Lord Sernhold for a few days, he dined at Manchester-square, and afterwards equipped himself in the dress of a footman; then, as soon as it was dark, covering himself with a cloak, so as to be hidden from the knowledge of the servants, he marched out, attended by Phelim, who carried a small knapsack filled with linen for the expedition.

C H A P. XVII.

It was an uncommonly dark winter's night on which they set out; they travelled, however, without interruption, until about eleven o'clock: when Phelim, who, however he might scorn

E 3 fatigue,

fatigue, had no notion of travelling without the refreshment of eating and drinking, pressed his master to stop for a few moments to wet his whistle. Elliot, who wished to get on, told him that he would not stay: but Phelim was not to be brought so very easily to change his resolution. "Softly, master, if you please," said he; "they say in my country, that fair and easy goes far; and by my soul it is true enough; you would tire yourself now before you stopped; and when you did stop, you would be able to go no further, but must take a carriage. Come, Sir, take a fool's advice, put something under your belt, for you have a great way to go; besides, I feel a strong inclination to stop at a good house in this village, where I remember I was once very happy with an old comrade." Elliot could not resist this argument; they mended their pace, and soon arrived at the house, which Phelim recognised

cognised with pleasure, as the scene of his former happiness. The people of the inn luckily were not in bed ; and Phelim, who assumed the part of the spokesman, as he knew the method of those sort of houses better than his master, called for some bread, cheese, cold meat, and a pot of beer. These being served up, down the travellers sat very sociably together, and made a hearty supper ; for travelling had so far conquered the love-sick mind of Stephen, that he had gained a very good appetite. After supper they got some punch, and Phelim distinguished himself very much by pressing the hostesses and every female in the house, from the mother of the hostess to the maid servant, to share with him. It is true, he would generally contrive to be repaid with some small favour, as a kiss, or some other trifling liberty ; which, however the girls might bid him "be quiet," were not in the small-

est degree displeasing to them. Nor did he even refuse his benevolence, as far as his liquor went, in treating the master of the house, with whom he contrived to get into a warm argument about the poor's rate. Phelim asserted that, if every parish were to plant two acres of good potatoes, the poor might be very well fed upon them, without any other burthen to the parish. This dispute was violently maintained on both sides; and the Irishman offered to terminate it by a wager; but in his endeavour to pull out his purse, he was obliged to take out a pocket pistol, which his master had given him to carry for fear of accidents, and lay it on the table before he could come at it. The sight of this engine of death terrified the whole house; every one cast their eye on it with terror; and the women seemed afraid that it would rise up of itself, and make away with the lives of every one of them. The
hostess's

hostess's mother, for the fear of each individual seemed to increase, in proportion to their uselessness, asked, in the name of God, "Whether it was charged?" To this Phelim replied with an oath, "that it was triple charged." On hearing this, the old woman fell upon her knees with a great shriek, and begged of him to put it up; which he did at last. Now there happened to be one woman in the corner, who had fullenly refused the caresses of Phelim. This was no other than the butcher's wife, whom the reader may remember he had so tortured with the bucket of water. She recollected him, but he had not observed her; nor did she know Elliot. As she wished to be revenged on Phelim, and saw the surprise of the host at the sight of the pistol; she called him out, and told him she was certain that they were two footpads, and that she remembered that the big fellow

(meaning the Irishman) had been taken up once before for a highway robbery.

The host immediately took the hint; he reflected on the carelessness with which they had called for every thing in the house; from whence he collected that they either had plenty of money, or none—both of them very suspicious circumstances. Their making so free with the women, also, struck him; and the sight of the pistol, joined to the forbidding wink of Stephen, when his man had confessed that it was charged, confirmed him in the opinion the butcher's wife had suggested, that, notwithstanding their liveries, they must be footpads. He cast about in his mind how he should secure them, for he saw that they were armed; and he knew, that had they not been so, he would have been inadequate to the managing of one such man as either of them appeared to

to be. There was not much time for deliberation: for Stephen, who thought that he had allowed his man a sufficient time for resting, called for the bill. Their host said, that he would make it out for them; and ordering his maid and daughter to come to him, under pretence of knowing what his guests had had, he desired them to go out immediately and alarm the neighbourhood. The daughter, who was about seventeen years old, thought it a pity to betray two such handsome men; and she returned into the house without alarming any one, and gave our hero notice of what was in agitation. The maid servant, however, had been faithful to the orders she had received; and, before the travellers could determine what to do, the neighbours came flocking into the house, and the landlord instantly charged the two adventurers with being highwaymen. The multitude

prepared to seize them, while our heroes stood upon their defence; and as they were in a corner where they could not be surrounded, they made their opponents pay for their love of justice with several severe bruises. At length, Phelim having brought the landlord down with a blow of the candlestick on the pate, cried out, "Now, gentlemen, that I have killed this treacherous blackguard, will you tell me what does all this mean?"—Two or three of the mob cried out together, that they were highwaymen, and must come before a justice of peace. "And pray now," replied he, "did I ever rob any of you?" They answered that he had not. "Well then," continued he, "suppose that I was a robber, is it not very ill-natured of you not to let me go about my business, who am doing none of you any harm? But I say it is a lie, I am no robber; and I will
beat

beat any rascal to a jelly who says I am ; for I am an honest servant, and here is my last discharge." So saying, he pulled out one, which one of Lord Sternhold's footmen had given him to look at the day before, and which he had neglected to return. This evidence swayed with his opponents very much ; and Elliot, who had remained silent, partly from the suddenness of the attack, and partly from the full employment he found in defending himself from personal violence, which left no time for reflection or speaking, now interposed ; and desired them to beware how they assaulted servants going about the business of their master. In all probability, the mob would have been thus prevailed on to let them depart peaceably, had not the constable unluckily come in, and the host recovered from the stupefaction of the blow he had received. The latter, thirsting for revenge,
imme-

immediately preferred his complaint; and the constable, who is generally a good friend to the retailers of good liquors, insisted upon the supposed culprits going before a magistrate. The mob prepared to support the constable, and Phelim prepared for resistance; when Elliot, considering that opposition would be useless, and only tend to give the magistrate a worse opinion of him, resolved to submit peaceably to the authority of the constable. Laying down his stick, he ordered Phelim to deposit a large iron candlestick which he brandished most formidably, and then gave himself up quietly into the hands of the constable; his man doing the same, though not without an infinite deal of reluctance. The house now gradually assumed a more quiet appearance: the host, indeed, was obliged to retire, on account of the severe cut he had got; but he reckoned himself
to

to be amply recompensed in the quantity of his beer and gin which were taken off by the multitude he had called in; who were all assembled in different groupes, talking of the affair, and declaring their conjectures concerning the prisoners. The opinion of the men in general was, that the rogues would be hanged; and that of the women, that the poor souls were innocent.

The constable had insisted upon tying them, to secure them for the night, as it was too late to disturb his worship the justice, by any calls to attend the duties of his profession.—— Stephen was highly vexed at what had happened; he found his journey to see his mistress delayed, and himself in danger of being committed to jail, out of which he saw no means of extricating himself, but by a discovery of his real name and quality; which would, perhaps, eventually bring on a
discovery

discovery of this disaster, either to Lord Sternhold, or his father. He had no opportunity of speaking to Phelim in private, that they might agree in one story, and thus have a chance of procuring liberty, by their appearing to be the servants of some nobleman or gentleman; for he justly apprehended, that the slightest variation from each other in their relations, would preclude their obtaining credit; so leave no other source for enlargement, but that which he wished to evade, the discovery of who he was. Such were the reflections which occurred to Elliot during the night. He was obliged to sit up listening to the noise, riot, and insults of those about him; and even to make them merry at his own expence, in order to bribe off the constable's first resolution of tying them. It often appeared feasible to him, in the impatience of love and pride, to break
from

from amongst his keepers; at other times, he cursed the counsel of Phe-
lim, which had accidentally been the
cause of this misfortune. At length,
nine o'clock came, which was the
usual time of justice Addle's shaking
off the embraces of Morpheus; and
the constable, attended by the whole
village armed in the most tremendous
manner their houses could furnish, set
forward with his prisoners for the
mansion of the justice. They arrived
there in a short time, but were obliged
to wait until twelve o'clock before his
worship made his appearance; he hav-
ing sat up very late the night before,
and got immoderately drunk, at a
house which had just procured a
licence to entertain passengers through
his interest. On this account, he did
not rise until it was very late; and it
was a rule with him never to go upon
duty, until he had fortified himself
with his breakfast. Elliot was obliged

to

to endure this additional detention with apparent patience; and at last the justice entered the hall, into which the prisoners and his accusers had been shewn. Rubbing his eyes, for he was scarce awake as yet, and put out of humour by being hurried in his breakfast; he asked, "what it was those rascals had done." The constable, who had never thought it worth his while to inquire into the matter, made a number of hums and has; and at length, after a long hesitation, informed his worship, "that he believed the men had been guilty of a robbery, for that Sam Juniper, who kept the Hampshire Hog, had seen one of them pull out a terrible pistol, and swear that there were six charges in the belly of it." "What! had the villains pistols?" cried the justice, "I'll engage they are bloody dogs; here, clerk, make out their mittimus."

Elliot

Elliot now stepped forward to make his defence ; for he was afraid, lest the Irishman should begin, and by his blunders lead him into additional difficulties. He, therefore, informed his worship the justice, " that they were servants of Lord Sternhold's, going about his business ; that they carried a case of pistols by his Lordship's direction, to protect his property ; and that they had not been caught, either rioting, or in any other suspicious action. But that the inn-keeper, without any other cause whatever, than one of them pulling out a pistol, which certainly, had he been conscious of guilt, he would have been solicitous to conceal, had concluded that they were foot-pads." The justice, in whose breast any piece of plausibility had the weight of intuitive truth, now inclined to their side, and would have discharged them, had not the host displayed his wounded head, insisted upon

upon the falsehood of Elliot's defence, and urged, that there was a better witness, who would swear positively against them; but who could not be there immediately. He alluded to the butcher's wife, who had first instilled the suspicion into him; but she knowing how the matter would turn out, and afraid of the consequences, had gone away; but to pacify the inn-keeper, had told him, that she was only going a short way, and would return immediately. This bent the pliant justice again on that side, and he once more ordered their commitment to be made out. Elliot dwelt upon the hardships he and his fellow-servant must suffer by this confinement; talked of the injury his Lord's business would be liable to sustain from their being thus delayed, and threatened them with the resentment of a powerful prosecution for stopping his servants, because a fellow said, that somebody

body would come to swear against them, or for carrying arms, which every protestant had a right to do. This remonstrance, however, had no effect on the justice: he was grown weary of wavering, and was resolved to stick to his last determination; which had certainly an equal chance of being right. Elliot was now on the point of attempting to liberate himself by a discovery of who he was, when he was interrupted by the coming in of two or three people. They immediately made their business known; which was, to claim his worship's protection and liberty to act a play in a neighbouring barn; and they said, that a gentleman was waiting without doors who would give them a good character. One of them immediately went for him (for the business of poor prisoners is always transacted last), and brought in Tom Filmer, who had been so intimate with Elliot at College.—
Phelim,

Phelim, who instantly knew him, cried out, "Arrah, Master Filmer, how's yourself? By my conscience, I'm glad to see you; ogh, 'faith, my fellow servant and I won't now go to jail for want of character." Filmer demanded of him, how his master, Mr. Elliot was? To which he answered, "that he did not live with Mr. Elliot now, but with Lord Sternhold; and that there was Jack Prancer, who also lived with his Lordship, and whom he believed he might likewise have seen in Mr. Elliot's service." Filmer knew Elliot in disguise; but, guessing from Phelim's discourse, and the looks of his friend, that he did not wish to be known, he fell immediately into the story he had just heard, and gave them both an extraordinary good character. This coming from a man of his appearance was easily credited; he also terrified the audience, by hinting to the captors the penalties they had incurred for
this

this illegal imprisonment; and the ill consequences which would accrue to the justice, if he sent two innocent men to jail. His harangue had the desired effect; and Elliot, to his great joy, was left at liberty to prosecute his journey. This, however, did not satisfy Mr. O'Flanagan, who resolved to have satisfaction on the body of the host for his treachery. He therefore waited quietly until he got out of the justice's territories; when, suddenly turning on Mr. Juniper (who, unfortunately for himself, had come incautiously very near him, to demand payment for some liquor the constable had drank), without giving him the least warning to defend himself, cried, "'Faith, my jewel, I'll pay you, sure enough!" and gave him a blow which left him senseless on the ground. As the unfortunate gin-retailer was rising, the enraged Hibernian would have struck him another blow, which might have

have excited the mob to take the part of their townsman, to the no small detriment of Phelim, had not his master interposed ;—Not with intreaties or commands alone ; for to these he paid not the least attention—but by catching hold of his arm, and forcing him to remain quiet. Phelim intreated his master to permit him to lick the soul out of the villain ; and finding him obdurate to this request, he promised to be satisfied with giving him one blow more. On being refused this request also, he burst out into a great passion, and swore, that for three potatoe-skins he would never serve him another minute.

C H A P. XVIII.

ELLIOT had thus drawn his man away, and was proceeding to preach him

him a long lecture on the impropriety of his conduct, both now and at the inn, which the latter heard with not a little impatience, when Filmer overtook them, and cut it short by his presence. He had hastened to complete his business with the justice, that he might follow our adventurer out of the town; which he knew they would make haste to quit, as the scene of their disgrace. The curiosity of Filmer to know the reason of his friend's appearing in that parti-coloured disguise, was very great; and Elliot, who was well convinced of his integrity, promised to satisfy him, after they had adjourned to a neighbouring field to rest themselves; for our travellers were tired with vexation, and that want of sleep which originated from the adventure of last night: when, as Filmer could not with propriety appear familiar with a footman before the people of any house, and as, after the late misfortune,

our hero did not chuse to venture into one, it was agreed to dispatch Phelim to procure some provisions and drink from the next inn, which they were resolved to enjoy under the canopy of heaven. This command Phelim obeyed with alacrity; and while he was away, Elliot communicated the story of his love to Filmer. His friend endeavoured to persuade him to forego this expedition; he pointed out the dubious grounds on which he concluded that the anger of Lady Adelaide originated from a misrepresentation of Lucinda's. He shewed the little probability there was of his obtaining an interview to clear matters up; and dwelt upon the insults he would be likely to be subjected to in his present disguise. This advice was certainly consonant with reason: but what is reason to love? Stephen had nothing to oppose to his friend's arguments but his hopes; and with him, his hopes had more weight than

than a mathematical demonstration.— Elliot, in his turn, asked Filmer, What had brought him so far from Cambridge; and whether he had entirely quitted College? The latter blushed at his question, but owned that he had.

“ I am grown tired, my friend,” said he, “ of the unprofitable sameness of an university life. I have tried to study for a religious profession; but the dryness of its morality, and the impossibility of *rising* in it without interest, have driven me away from it. In my attempt to acquire a knowledge of physic, I have found the speculative part of the science uncertain; and the practical to consist of nothing but grimace, assurance, and formality. Nothing remains now to try but the law, which is the true ground for genius to flourish in. Merit must there rise, unsupported by influence or alliance; and honour and blessings will there accrue from
F 2 succouring

succouring the distressed." Thus did poor Filmer find subterfuges in his own ingenuity to hide his caprice from himself; and thus may every ingenious man do, who has not learned to confine his views to a particular scope of action. For no profession is so beneficial that something may not be said against it; and no mode of active life so unprofitable, as that something may not be urged in its favour. Filmer proceeded to inform his friend, that he was sensible how much a propriety of delivery was necessary in the department of life he had now irrevocably chosen. "You know," said he, "how much persuasive power is contained in the harmony of a well-modulated voice, and the graces of a well-adapted action. This, my dear friend, I am determined to study; and, for this reason, I have agreed to perform among those players whom you saw me with to-day,

day,

day, without taking any salary. For this purpose I shall change my name, and disguise my appearance immediately." Stephen stared at the wildness of this scheme, and did all he could to dissuade him from it; but in vain. Filmer urged the advantages he would receive from conversing with mankind in every situation in life: his wishes seconded his reasons; and Elliot, in his turn, found it impossible to dismount his friend from his hobbyhorse. Phelim had returned with the provisions while this discourse was going on; and, after having eaten very heartily, they arose to depart; Filmer to join the players, and Elliot to continue his journey. Their arguments against the several resolutions of each other had not cooled their affection; for they both had the sense to stop where they found that contradiction would be not only useless, but disagreeable; and Stephen

gave his friend directions where to find him in London. Our adventurers travelled on without stopping, until they came to a town within fifteen miles of Castlemont, where they resolved to sleep for that night. No material conversation passed between them, except some advice from Stephen to his man, to take more care how he demeaned himself in future, during the time which this expedition should last. When they came into the inn, they were obliged, from their appearance, to go into the public tap-room; and calling for something for dinner, they sat down among a number of common people who were seated in the boxes around them. When dinner was finished, the people in the next box, who seemed very sociably given, entered into conversation with them; and, from a principle of good fellowship, they soon joined company. Stephen did not
feel

feel all that pleasure from examining the manners of the commonalty minutely, which he had flattered himself, on commencing his journey, that he should experience. He found them actuated by the same passions as the rich, but less able to disguise them. The disagreeable part of social life, among the upper ranks, remained with them; while the finer spirit of intercourse had evaporated. They have their pride, their envy, and their quarrels; and the only observation he could make in their favour was, that if they were more addicted to mischief, their laborious employment prevented the frequent repetition of it; and their want of power precluded that extensive perniciousness which obtains but too much among their superiors. From such company Stephen gladly retired early, and soon forgot every thing but his Adelaide in sleep. Next morning,

Phelim having discharged the bill, for he was purse-bearer, they both set off, and arrived in the neighbourhood of Castlemont pretty late in the evening. Our hero was at a loss to fix where he should take up his residence during his stay : he knew that every one thereabout were dependants on Lord Moreton ; and he was known at the inn where he used formerly to put up when he came to hear tidings of Lady Adelaide. If he were at all discovered, he was sure that his disguise would create suspicion, excite curiosity, ensure the discovery of his designs, and consequently frustrate his project. On these accounts he determined to go to the cottage of the poor woman who had told him the story of her husband's being ruined by his conduct at an election, whom he had rescued from the ruin of an execution on her goods. Having arrived there, he knocked at the door of her
humble

humble habitation, and begged admittance. This he was for some time denied for even the poor dread the violence of robbers ; but, on making himself known to her, she opened the door.

The surprise of Mrs. Welles, for that was the poor woman's name, at seeing the change in his dress, was very great, and she was terrified, lest he should have done something which obliged him to disguise himself, to elude the pursuit of justice. A little time, however, cleared up her suspicions ; when he told her, that he came to reside a couple of days in her house, as he had some business to transact in the neighbourhood, which required that he should be concealed. She remembered that he was in love with Lady Adelaide Moreton, and said to him, smiling, " Ah, Sir, I see you will do a great deal to gain a fine young lady ; but, la, Sir, I have no

commodation for such a fine gentleman as you be; indeed, I have but this room, and another where my daughter and I sleep." "No matter for that," answered our hero; "if you can spare that room to my man and me, and put up with this one for you and your daughter, it will answer my wishes. The only difficulty is, what we shall do for bed-clothes." "Indeed, Sir," answered Mrs. Welles, "I can refuse you nothing; and I have clothes enough, which I have preserved since my poor husband's death, if your man can be content to lie on a pallet of straw." Phelim assented with alacrity; and Mrs. Welles called up her daughter, who was in bed, to assist her in preparing supper for them. Elliot beheld the delicate and innocent charms of this young maid with admiration; but he considered with sorrow, that this heavenly gift was only a curse to one of her class in life, which excited
temptation

temptation in the minds of the rich and debauched. That instead of confirming her in a suitable condition of life, by a marriage with some industrious person of her own rank, it was only the siren of seduction in the eyes of the unprincipled, and the too unerring prophet of abandoned prostitution. Say, ye admirers of novelty, and introducers of luxury and refinement, can all the benefits you boast to have produced, compensate for this calamity which falls on the gentlest work of Heaven? Can all the conveniences you invent, to enervate man, and rob him of his glorious self-dependence; can the artificial customs of society, which, to flatter the vanity of one poor mortal, prey on the happiness of thousands, perhaps all his natural superiors, or the subtle distinctions of vain speculation, which perplex our morality, and distract our conduct, compensate for this loss to

love and innocence? Unhappy state of humanity! where man's love is more pernicious than his hatred--where he wishes to destroy what he admires, and burns to poison the source of virgin fondness, created to bless some constant lover with lasting happiness!—Why are we tempted to pull the loveliest flower of creation, but to tread it under our feet after a momentary possession? Alas! there is no second spring to create, no new genial summer to mature the rosy purity of female innocence: if the worm of sensuality prey on it, or the blight of scandal oppress it, the stem withers from its pride, never to revive again.

The old woman and her daughter busied themselves very much in preparing supper for their guests; they killed their fattest fowl, and made out their scanty supper with eggs just laid. The whole family, when supper was ready, sat down at the same table by
Stephen's

Stephen's request; and every thing was served up with a neatness which shewed that the poor woman had once known more favourable days. She pressed Elliot to eat, with a warmth which spoke his welcome, more fully than the whole catalogue of professions. When supper was over, our adventurer retired early to the bed they had prepared for him, as he was much fatigued with the unusual length of his journey on foot; and his man Phelim snored near him on a bundle of straw. This, however, was no inconvenience to him; and Stephen forgot, in his eagerness to behold his mistress, every distress which attended his attempt. Early in the morning, he hastened to shake off the trammels of sleep; and, having dressed himself, charged his man not to quit the house lest he should be known, and then departed for Castlemont with eager haste.

Every

Every turn of the road, every bush as he passed along, recalled to his memory some tender circumstance, some fond idea, which melted his soul with additional tenderness, and increased his anxiety. When he had crossed the wall which separated Lord Moreton's demesne from the road, and had got into the grove where Lady Adelaide had given him an interview, he hastened to the spot where he recollected she had stood. All her kindness, every word that she had spoken, rushed at once upon his memory; and he pleased himself with the thought, that he pressed the very spot which she had once consecrated by standing upon. The joy of recollection, however, is but momentary; and the more substantial fears that he should be frustrated in his attempts to see her, or that her anger still continuing, might render her deaf to all his excuses and passionate intreaties, dwelt upon his mind. With these

these thoughts he took possession of the thicket where he had more than once lain hid ; and watched the turn of the walk which led towards him from the house with unceasing anxiety and trepidation. His heart sometimes beat violently with the apprehension that she was coming ; and so much did he dread her resentment, that he almost wished that she should not appear.— But as soon as the prospect of seeing her vanished, his eagerness to throw himself at her feet, again returned.— His wishes, however, were not to be gratified ; and when it became dark, he was forced to retire, almost perished with the cold, from the state of inaction he was obliged to remain in, while exposed to the open air, and chagrined to the quick with disappointment. When he came home, he inquired of Mrs. Welles, whether she had heard any thing concerning Lady Adelaide lately ? “ Alack-a-day, Sir,” replied the good

good woman, " she used to be a good friend to me, and took great pleasure in speaking to my daughter there; for she used to come and see us very often; and many is the good coat she would send my Sally: even that one on her back, is a present from her good Ladyship. But indeed she has not been here this great while now, and I am told does not go out at all; for her father wants her to marry some great lord, but she can't abide him. Indeed, I don't wonder at it, when she has seen such a fine gentleman as you are; for I never found that these lords, notwithstanding their title, are a whit bigger or better than other folk." Elliot was glad to hear, at least, that his mistress was not married, which he knew this woman must have known, had it taken place. But considering with himself, that if she seldom went out, he might remain for a long time every day in the thicket, before he could have

have an opportunity of seeing her, he resolved to send out Phelim in the morning, to try if he could light upon any one of his old acquaintances among the servants, from whom he might learn an accurate account of the situation of the Moreton family; and at what time, and in what places, Lady Adelaide usually went forth to walk. He determined also to stay himself at Mrs. Welles's, until he returned and brought with him some intelligence which might regulate his motions.

Continuing in this disposition in the morning, he dispatched Phelim to Castlemont, charging him to conceal himself, if possible, from every one of the servants, except the person whom he could most rely on, and to feign even to him, that he had quitted the service of Elliot. Phelim boasted of the adroitness he would display in the affair. "Faith, master," cried he, "let me

me alone, I'll engage I'll get a secret out of a man, although it never entered into his head before. The devil a one of them all will I trust but honest Robin; and I know too much of his tasting his Lord's wine, to think he dare betray me. But 'faith, Robin is an honest fellow for all that; for when I mentioned this as roguery to him, he said that it was by agreement, one of the vails, and perquisites of English servants, to suppose their master so good as to let them take every thing they wished for, without troubling him with asking it. Ah! Sir, he's the lad who won't flinch over a bottle; and by my soul he loves you well, for a many an health he has drank to you. When I warm his heart with a sup, you will see how the secrets of the family will come tumbling out." Phelim, without waiting for a reply, trotted away, which was his usual gait when in an hurry towards

wards Castlemont. Elliot remained in the cottage, and, willing to prevent the torments of suspense, entered into conversation with the daughter of Mrs. Welles. Her modest and innocent simplicity attracted his regard, and perhaps her beauty tended to increase it; for, let the rank of a female be what it may, there is always something irresistibly conciliatory in a fine face and person. To the questions which he asked her, she answered with a degree of openness and good-humour, which shewed that, if she was bashful, it was alone the fault of the rusticity of her mind; and that she was just of that happy age, and in that happy frame of mind, when her bosom was at peace with the world and with itself. He asked her with a smile, "how many sweethearts she had?" To which she replied with a blushing down-cast look, that she had ne'er a one." "O, that is impossible," answered he: "so pretty a girl

a girl as you are cannot be without a lover. Come, tell me the truth, is there not some gentleman hereabout, who has told you that he is dying for you? Do not be ashamed; I ask you only for your advantage; and I think that your mother told me as much once." The timid girl made no reply; but her mother told him, "that, indeed, there was a well-dressed man, though he was not so fine as a gentleman, who used to come there very often to talk to Sally, and that he had told her he would marry her; so that," continued she, "I hope to see my poor dear child settled for life, and not thrown upon the world at my death, without any body to take care of her." Elliot asked her, if she knew the man's name, or where he lived? and she told him, that he said, his name was Kane, and that he lived about ten miles off; but where, indeed, she did not know. "It is very odd,"

odd," replied our adventurer, "that he never told you where he lived: pray does he come here often? I would wish to see him; for I fear that, from his disguising himself thus, he means no advantage to your daughter." The old woman promised him, that the first time he came, and he was there generally about twice a week, he should be made acquainted with him. Stephen cautioned the daughter, who stood by listening with a degree of attention that marked her concern for the man on whose conduct he was reflecting, not to believe any promise he made, until she had first consulted her mother; and on no account to go with him any where out of the house, until they were first married. He had scarce finished this sentence, when a knocking at the door drove him into the next room to conceal himself.

C H A P.

C H A P. XIX.

THE bustle, which was occasioned by the coming in of the persons, prevented his distinguishing for some time who they were. But guess his emotions, when he heard the voice of Lady Adelaide telling Sally, "that she had brought her a small bundle as a present." He knew not how to support his situation: he was afraid that there was some one with her, and he dreaded the prying eyes and slippery integrity of servants; but above all things he was afraid of her displeasure. When in London, he thought that no obstacle could be sufficiently great to prevent his speaking to her; yet he now felt the slight one of a door almost too strong for him to overcome.

Fortune, however, which even in our greatest unhappiness sometimes grants

grants us a solitary favour, was at present propitious to Elliot; and he heard Lady Adelaide telling Mrs. Welles, "that she would be obliged to her to go along with her maid and help her to carry a couple of small bundles, containing some necessaries, for two poor families who lived about half a mile off. I will sit here with Sally in the mean time," continued she, "for I am fatigued with the length of a walk which has for some time past been unusual to me." Our hero heard this speech with rapture, as he now hoped to unravel the mystery of her displeasure, and intercede for favour. He waited, with impatience, for the going out of Mrs. Welles and Clarinda. As soon as he judged them to be out of sight, he opened, with trembling impatience, the door which separated him from all that he prized in the world. His mistress raised her lovely eyes at the noise

noise he made in coming out of the room. At the sight of him, for she knew him at the first glance, notwithstanding his disguise, she gave an involuntary scream, and started from the chair on which she sat; the colours of her cheek yielding to each other in rapid succession, while she stood hardly able to support the conflict of contending emotions. Although, in the first moment of surprise, she might have felt some pleasure at seeing him, she checked it at once, and endeavoured to quit the room without honouring him with a word. Her astonished and afflicted lover, getting between her and the door, intreated her to stay, asked how he could have thus incurred her displeasure? "Why, Lady Adelaide, do you thus avert your eyes as if the sight of me were poisonous? Does a passion so sincere as mine merit this scorn? My heart tells me I have done
nothing

nothing to deserve such displeasure; and if I had, sure the torments of not having seen you, and of being without power to inquire into the cause of your anger, for these three months, is a sufficient punishment. I have been condemned without having any knowledge of my offence; I have been punished without having been heard in my own exculpation; yet, Lady Adelaide, I repine not at what is past, for it was your pleasure; but doom me not to endless misery, or give me, at least, to know why I am to be thus eternally unfortunate." This speech of his had some effect upon the bosom of his mistress; but her resentment was still too strong to permit her to grant his request. She therefore said to him, with affected indifference, "This desire of yours, Sir, is quite useless; why should you wish to add one crime to another, and increase my ill opinion of you by denying

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facts

facts of which I have certain knowledge? Besides, Sir," continued she, "what occasion is there for it? I accuse you of nothing; I have no right to do so; what I have suffered I have deserved for my imprudence. But you must excuse me for holding no further conversation with a gentleman whom my father has expressly forbidden me to see; and whom I have every reason to think I ought never to speak to." Having said this, she made an effort to get to the door; but her distracted lover again prevented her; and taking her hand, he cried in the violence of phrenzy, "You cannot, you must not leave me thus, Lady Adelaide. Ungrateful maid, why do you drive me thus to madness, by feigning a cause, without a foundation, to quarrel with me? But I am sacrificed to the happiness of another; and the more cruelly I am used, the more acceptable it will be to him."

His

His lovely mistress trembled at his violence: she began to relent: the degree of severity she had used, on this occasion, to a lover for whom she had felt the tenderest regard, contributed to soften her; and she flattered herself that she read the vehemence of innocence, and transports of real love, in his emotions. Relaxing, therefore, the severity of her manner, she said, "It is true, Mr. Elliot, you may lay a constraint on my inclinations, and keep me here by violence, but—" "Talk not of violence, my lovely angel," answered Elliot, interrupting her, and falling on his knee; "O Adelaide! I would die to strew your paths with softness; but why condemn me unheard? It is cruel, it is too cruel, to be thus inexorable to one whose senses, whose life, hang upon your compliance." Having said this, he pressed her scarce unwilling hand to his lips, and bedewed it with his

tears.—Poor Sally, who had been a spectator of this scene, was so affected that she sobbed aloud; and falling also on her knees, intreated her to hear the gentleman, who was too good to do any thing wrong. His mistress was, herself, unable to check the drops of pity from coursing each other down her pallid cheek: such earnest supplications made her diffident of being right; but endeavouring to draw away her hand from the fervid clasp of Elliot, which he would not permit, she said, “Since you insist on it, Mr. Elliot, and upbraid me with injustice for concealing what I have heard of your conduct, I will tell you what I know, and what you may be assured I did not believe until I had proofs the most convincing—of your seducing the daughter of a gentleman with whom you were on terms of intimacy; and that by a solemn oath that you would marry her.

I shall

I shall only observe, that it is impossible, after hearing that you had committed such an action, that I should listen to your professions to me; for certainly this circumstance ought to render you an object of aversion to every woman of virtue. I have no right to be offended; I ought not to meddle where I am not concerned. But to boast to that woman, when she lived with you in Cambridge, that I was in love with you; to tell her of the private conference I gave you, and ungenerously, I may say cruelly, feign a motive different from the real one; to declare the time when, like an inconsiderate fool, I had promised to meet you again, were peculiar affronts to me; and, as I could never think favourably of the man guilty of such a crime as you have been, I ought never to speak to him who has wantonly abused my condescension, and misrepresented my conduct." El-

liot listened to this charge of Lady Adelaide's with astonishment; while oppression of mind at the things she accused him of, and the severe manner in which she spoke them, prevented his interrupting her. When she had finished, and even then, though heated with her imagined wrongs, she repented of having spoken so harshly; her lover remained for some time silent; but at length he broke out in these words: "Is it thus you think of me, Lady Adelaide, to be so great a villain? How have I ever merited such suspicions, which, by Heaven, are groundless! That I should boast of your favours! that a word concerning you should escape my lips! Do I appear, for a moment, such an abject wretch to you? Cruel Adelaide, not even prudence could restrain these lips from muttering your praise." Becoming a little more collected from this effusion
of

of his astonishment, he says, " And can my Adelaide believe such a story of her lover? But you must think it; for you are too innocent to invent such a calumny. Yet who could know that you promised to meet me a second time, except yourself? I know not what to think; it looks as if some superior intelligence had leagued with my enemies to undo me. Some villain has been at work; he has deceived you into a belief, which if I cannot do away, I am the most miserable of men. I cannot be at a loss to guess who it is; and he shall not escape me." His mistress was a little piqued at his steady manner of denying what she was sure was true; and she said, " It is in vain, Sir, to deny what I heard from the woman herself. How could she know that you and I ever met, or had agreed to meet again, if you had not told it to her? Did I not see you myself along with the woman

who told me these stories, at an inn on the road to London, where I stopped with my father and mother, on account of an accident happening to our carriage? I saw you set off towards London in the same carriage with her, and the servant maid told me" (here Lady Adelaide for some reason or other blushed) "that she was your wife."

The guilty recollection of what had passed at the inn, abashed poor Elliot; but after some time, he recovered himself sufficiently to protest, in the most solemn terms, his innocence of what she accused him with. "Appearances are, I own, Lady Adelaide, so strongly against me, that I can hardly think it unkind in you thus to condemn me; but surely, my protestation will have some weight with you. I became acquainted with that woman by accident;" here he related the manner how; "and I have since found her to be unworthy of my protection ;

tection ; but never did I look upon her, until the time you saw us together in the inn, with any other eye than that of a protector. I regarded her as my sister ; for I felt that I was her brother in misfortune. But why the treacherous, wicked woman should thus seek to destroy me, by telling falsehoods to you ; or how she could come to the knowledge of what she told you, or indeed that I had aspired to love you at all, is what I cannot comprehend !" Stephen had certainly told Lady Adelaide what was strictly the truth, and he only cast a veil over the transactions of the inn, with what the world thinks a justifiable dissimulation. He had nothing to support his innocence, but the most earnest protestations, which are but weak proofs, where the mind is not already disposed to acquit. This, indeed, was in some degree the case with Lady Adelaide. We must confess that she

wished him innocent, and was afraid to find the man whom she loved guilty of crimes, for which her virtue must for ever banish him from her presence. Stephen fancied, that he read in the pleased looks of his mistress, her belief of his innocence; and he pressed her, as he was guiltless, that she would take off the dreadful interdict of her displeasure. "Indeed, Mr. Elliot," replied the unaffected girl, "I will not deny that I am glad to find, that you can say any thing in your own defence; it has grieved me sincerely to be obliged to condemn one of whom I had formerly occasion to think favourably. But the woman has herself come to me; she has told a consistent story; she has confirmed it, by mentioning circumstances to which every one but you and I were strangers; and I have heard it declared that that woman is your wife. There is, you must yourself acknowledge, something unaccount-

unaccountably suspicious in this affair; and as I cannot conceive how that woman could feign such a number of circumstances which agree with some facts, and are strengthened by others; you must excuse me if I do not give implicit credit to your protestations, until I am satisfied with some more perfect explanation of the matter."

Elliot thanked her for her condescension, and promised to trace the matter as far as possible. "But why," continued the Lady, "if you were innocent, did you not attempt to explain the matter to me? Were you made so pettish by the message you received from me? or what could be your reason that you never even sought an explanation by letter?"—"Surely," answered her lover in an amazement, "I sent a letter to you, and received a most cutting verbal reply. Indeed, Lady Adelaide, there has been the

villainous interference of some one else in this affair to destroy my peace." His mistress seemed struck with his having sent a letter, which she never received, and declared that a great mystery hung over the affair. Elliot again promised to unravel it; but sensible of the shortness of his time, and that he had a more interesting subject to urge, than that which talking over would perplex and not elucidate, he began to mention the subject of his love; but his mistress, over whose well regulated bosom, passion could scarce gain a momentary victory, told him, "that that was a subject on which she could not hear him. Remember, Mr. Elliot, the matter is still in doubt; and that I have only promised to withhold my judgment, until you prove your innocence to be un sullied, or give me room to conjecture that you are unable to do it. I feel, that I have held too long a conversation with you, and

and my maid will soon return." Elliot renewed the asseverations of his innocence, and pressed her at least to appoint another interview, that he might have an opportunity of communicating his success to her. "You will excuse me, Sir," answered she; "I cannot as yet judge you worthy of that confidence; and a letter will inform me, if you have any thing to communicate, equally well." A violent rapping at the door prevented Elliot from replying, and drove him to his hiding-place, through a dread of discovery. The person who had thus interrupted our eager lover, was no other than his man Phelim; who ran back from Castlemont, swelling with importance, on account of the intelligence which he had received. When he saw Lady Adelaide, he jumped back, and beginning to scratch his head, which in his surprise he had hit against the door-case, he cried with
à smile,

a smile, which it is impossible to describe, and which seems peculiar to the lower order of the Irish, "Arrah, how is your Ladyship? 'Faith, it does my heart good to see every bit of you well. Ah! Madam, have you seen my master? Well, God bless you, many is the good scolding I have got for your sake." Lady Adelaide, who was superior to pride, smiling, returned his compliments; but Elliot coming out, prepared a very different salute for him. Taking him by the collar, he said, "Tell me, Sir, did I not send a letter by you to this Lady, and did not you tell me that you had delivered it?" Phelim, who was grown very red in the face, from this grasp of his master's, cried, "Why Sir, you can't hear me when you hold my throttle so tight that I can't speak." His master having let him go a little, he said, "Why, Lord bless us, what's the occasion of all this? To be sure, I gave

I gave a letter to my Lady's woman ; and if she has the impudence to deny it, I'll tell her to her face, that's she's a big liar ; and by the same token she bid me tell you, as from her Ladyship, that she was certain of your wickedness, and would have no more to say to you ; and, what I thought more ungrateful, she said, moreover, that " if I came there again, she would have me tost in a blanket." " Pray," interrogated his master, " do you not know how I became acquainted with Lucinda ?" The Irishman here again declared the truth. " You see, Lady Adelaide," continued Stephen, turning to her, " how this fellow agrees with me in his recital ; and I have had no opportunity to tutor him." " Go, Sir," said he, " and watch until you see Lady Adelaide's maid and Mrs. Welles returning here, and then bring me immediate word of it." As soon as he had left the house to obey his master, Elliot again intreated

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ed his mistress to grant him another interview. "You see," said he, "that the only proof I have been able to bring is in my favour; but I ask you not to pardon me, until I shall obtain unequivocal evidence of my innocence. A letter is liable to misrepresentation; and it may miscarry, as my last one did. Your maid, Lady Adelaide, cannot be faithful; permit me, therefore, to trust to no other interpreter of my meaning than my own lips. It is by this means alone that I shall be able to efface all your scruples; and surely my Adelaide does not wish to entertain an unfavourable opinion of any body."

The unembarrassed testimony of Phelim had considerable weight with Lady Adelaide; and, after some little reluctance, she agreed to meet him the day following in a retired place, near Mrs. Welles's—"and Sally," said she, "will shew you the way." Our hero had scarce time to thank her, when Phelim
came

came in puffing with his hurry, and whispered to his master to go hide, for that Mrs. Welles and that false jade were coming. Elliot and his man retired into their bed-chamber, and the two messengers came in. The waiting maid protested that as how she was vastly tired; and intreated her mistress not to send her any more to such vulgar people, the very smell of whose houses was poison to her. Her mistress, who began to entertain some opinions not at all to her advantage, made no answer; but, wishing Mrs. Welles and Sally good morning, she hastened back to Castlemont, from whence she knew that any considerable absence would excite uneasiness in her father and mother; who dreaded the designs which they imagined Elliot would prosecute most eagerly, to obtain the hand of a girl so much his superior in rank and fortune.

C H A P. XX.

ELLIOT determined, as soon as it was dark, to dispatch Phelim to Castle-mont, to see if he could gain any further intelligence, by means of his trusty friend Robin. He had passed the time since his mistress had left him in the utmost perplexity, endeavouring to unravel the scheme which had been so artfully laid to ruin him in her esteem. He had no doubt that Lucinda was the instrument of Reynel in this affair; but how they became acquainted he knew not, nor how they could have come to the knowledge of Lady Adelaide's having promised him another interview, unless Reynel, whom he recollected to have seen just after she left him, had listened to their conversation. The whole affair seemed a mystery to him, which he knew not how to

to connect or account for; and if he could not do so to himself, how much more would it be impossible that he should do it for Lady Adelaide! Often did he revolve it in his mind; and often did he curse the unfortunate concurrence of circumstances, which are sometimes so intricate from chance, as to leave the innocent bewildered in the mazes of suspicion, without affording the slightest clue for them to retrace their way out of it.

His old hostess calling him to a dinner which he had given her money to provide, broke off the further consideration of a subject, which only caused him uneasiness. Sensible that to appear silent among our inferiors is construed into pride, and that condescension would afford the woman of the house the utmost felicity, he endeavoured to reassume his gaiety. The old woman, in the warmth and happiness of her heart, dwelt upon the charms.

charms and perfections of his mistress, on whom she invoked every blessing; and concluded with saying, that she was glad to hear, that Lady Adelaide and he had made up their little disputes, as her daughter Sally had told her. Elliot cautioned them not to say a word to any one about the matter. Soon after dinner, he observed Sally to come into the house with expressions of joy and timidity marked on her ingenuous countenance; he asked her the reason of this change, but she returned no answer. He could not avoid being interested in whatever concerned her; and, as he had sometimes observed Phelim casting a number of amorous looks at her, although she did not seem to give him the least encouragement, he had cautioned him, as he valued his favour, not to attempt putting in practice any design against her chastity. The Irishman would have articulated for a few kisses; but his master

ter continuing absolute in his commands, to abstain from all freedoms whatever, he, though not without some reluctance, promised to obey. Our adventurer could not avoid remarking her absence of mind when she was asked a question ; her frequent sighs and change of posture and place, convinced him that something lay upon her mind with not an unpleasing weight, and made her feel a mingled sensation of delight and uneasiness. As soon as it was dark, Phelim departed for Castlemont ; and about two hours after he was gone, Elliot observed Sally to watch her mother with a suspicious anxiety, and, when she quitted the room, to steal out of the house with a blushing perplexity. This was an appearance which could not but excite his suspicions. Interested for the girl's happiness, on account of her innocence and beauty, and instigated by his regard for her mother, he resolved to see what

what could be the reason of her mysterious conduct : considering, that the advantage he might afford her by extricating her from any difficulty into which her unthinkingness should lead her, would be a sufficient atonement for that curiosity, which his consideration of circumstances made him deem far from impertinent. He stole after her to the door ; and had scarce quitted the house, when he heard a shriek, which he knew to be her voice. An enthusiastic opposer of violence to females, he now sprang towards the place with more than usual ardor, whence he judged the noise to proceed. The trampling of horses, together with the continuation of half-stifled shrieks, soon convinced him, that whoever they were, they were running off with their unwilling prey. The darkness of the night prevented his perceiving accurately, whether he was gaining ground on the ravishers or not ; but the continuance

tinuance of the noise assured him, that he had taken the same road with them. After a pursuit, which nothing but the eagerness to vindicate distressed innocence could have enabled him to support, he found the noise on a sudden to cease. In a few moments he came up with two men, endeavouring to force poor Sally (who seemed by her struggles to have thrown herself off the horse) again on the beast's back. He shouted at these unfeeling villains; who, seeing that they could not carry her off before he came up, quitted their almost fainting spoil and made towards our adventurer. He had no arms in his hand, yet still advanced with thoughtless indignation, when one of them immediately fired a pistol at him. He flew upon his opposer in his turn, disarmed him in an instant, and with his own pistol prostrated him on the ground. His companion, when he saw the fate of his fellow-ruffian, turned about,

about, and, mounting his horse, rode off with the utmost precipitation. Elliot took proper means to secure the fellow, who lay senseless on the ground, before he recovered; and then went to the assistance of the distressed and confused Sally. He sought not an account of this affair from her where he was; but, apprehensive that the man who had retreated might return with fresh succour, he hastened home with his prisoner and the rescued maiden; where he found his man before him, and poor Mrs. Welles in the greatest uneasiness at the absence of Stephen and her daughter, whom she apprehended to be together. Phelim looked at the face of the man whom his master had brought in with his hands tied behind his back with a handkerchief; for he said, "he loved to know how rogues looked in company with an honest man." When he had turned him about once or twice, he said,

"Ogh,

“Ogh, ‘faith, Sir, I have it; this is the villain, whom I remember to have seen once at Mrs. Lucinda’s in Cambridge, and two or three times at her lodgings in Jermyn-street; but the rogue has been cunning enough to change his clothes.” A ray of hope now darted into our hero, that this might be one of the instruments who had caused his calamity. He immediately turned to Mrs. Welles; and, assuming a stern voice, said, “This villain would have run away with your daughter, had I not fortunately prevented him; and he fired a pistol at me, for which he will be hanged; therefore go, Phelim, immediately, and get a cart from one of the neighbouring farmers; that we may convey him to jail.” The fellow intreated for mercy; and knowing Elliot, told him, that “if he would solemnly promise to let him go, he would tell him something that would be greatly to his advantage. This was what Elliot wanted; and

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seeing that Sally had received no injury, he thought that he might justly remit his punishment, as a reward for his confession. He therefore took the fellow into the other room, and bid him speak on; telling him that, if his relation was as important as he promised, he would forgive him. The man then said, that "the cause of Lady Adelaide Moreton's quarrelling with him, was owing to a preconcerted scheme of Mr. Reynel, who was his master. That the latter had sent him to Lucinda, to tell her a forged story, how you seduced her under promise of marriage, and there both you and your man saw me. I have, Sir, been my master's confidant in all this affair; and I know that he bribed Mrs. Clarinda, her Ladyship's maid, to deliver to him a letter which you wrote to the lady; and I was by, when he dictated the answer which she returned to your man." Elliot knew that he must be telling truth; but asked him, in confirmation,

firmation, "if he knew not what was become of Lucinda?" He replied, that "he could not tell; but that he had written to her, by the order of his master, sometime ago, inclosing a note for fifty pounds; and telling her, that she must expect no more money for continuing to deceive you, as there was no occasion for it; his master hoping that matters would be speedily and fortunately terminated." Our adventurer now interrogated him concerning the cause of his attempting to run away with Sally; but he replied, that "he had been promised his pardon absolutely for what he had divulged; and that he hoped that Mr. Elliot would not insist upon his discovering what alone tended to criminate himself. Stephen regretted that he had promised so absolutely, as there were some particulars in the story Sally told, which he wanted to have explained; but as he had promised, he

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resolved

resolved punctually to perform. Sally had informed him and her mother, "that it was Mr. Kane, her pretended lover, who had made this attempt; and that, from several expressions which had dropped between him and the prisoner, she conjectured him to be a fellow-servant of his. That he had come that day to see her just after dinner; and, finding that there was some stranger in the house, had intreated her to meet him at the corner of the house but for a few minutes, in about two hours after it was dark: and I," said the poor innocent girl, "knowing no harm in promising what I had seen her Ladyship promise to you, Sir, readily agreed. When I met him, he made use of a thousand declarations of fondness to me, and pressed me to run away with him immediately; adding, that he had brought horses for that purpose, and had prepared a clergyman to marry us. Upon my refusal,

for

for I recollected what you were so good as to say to me this day, though I must confess almost too late to be of service to me, the fellow whom you have taken came up ; and the ungrateful Kane lifting me up by surprise on one of the horses, the fellow jumped up behind me and rode off, holding me fast. My treacherous sweetheart followed close ; and what would have been the consequence, if you had not come to my delivery, I cannot guess." Elliot warned her against ever committing a similar indiscretion again ; and mentioned to her the necessity of foregoing all acquaintance with, or idea of, Mr. Kane. To this she gave her full consent, adding, that she now hated him for his baseness. Elliot made Mr. Reynel's man repeat his story before Mrs. Welles and her daughter ; and, pleased with the discovery he had made, which he knew would ensure his pardon with his mistress, he retired to bed, leaving

Phelim to guard his prisoner—whom he resolved to keep tied, until after he had seen Lady Adelaide ; that, if necessary, he might produce him to her, to lay open the scheme by which he had been injured in her good opinion. His mind, agitated with what it had heard, strove in vain to compose itself to rest ; numberless ideas occurred to his fancy with irresistible turbulence ; and he lay tossing in his bed, wishing for the morning, and reviewing the happiness he was to experience in the ensuing meeting with his mistress, with a scarce pleasing anticipation. Fatigued, at length he fell into a sound sleep ; out of which he awakened not until late the next morning. As soon as the appointed time came, he hastened with Sally to the place of assignation. His impatience made him get to the place a great while before his mistress arrived. As soon as he perceived her, he darted forward with impatience,

patience, leaving Sally at a distance; and, scarcely waiting to salute her, he cried, "At length, Lady Adelaide, fortune has put it in my power to vindicate my innocence; and you will, I hope, no longer refuse to restore me to your good opinion. A servant of Mr. Reynel, who is my prisoner, has confessed that the whole affair was the contrivance of his master." Here he recited the story particularly, and called Sally to affirm his declaration, who had seen the man confirm it on oath. He did not produce the letter he had found in Lucinda's lodgings, because it contained an expression which tended to criminate him on another account. Lady Adelaide replied, "that she could no longer doubt his innocence. Forgive my credulity," continued she, with an ingenuous blush, stretching forth her hand; "I am sincerely sorry for it: but I am sure that you will not think very severely of

me, when you consider how strong the presumption was against you. Could I ever have imagined that any one could invent such a wicked and consistent scheme to traduce the character of another, as Mr. Reynel has done to fully yours?" There is something undescribably softening in the acknowledgments of error, especially when we feel the superiority of the intreater. Our hero kissed her extended hand with rapture. "This moment amply repays my sufferings," said he; "and I shall bless the tongue of malice, which has caused these transports of reconciliation. But indeed, Lady Adelaide, I have suffered severely during the continuance of your displeasure." "Come," replied she, "upbraid me not with my injustice, and inform me of the cause why you appear in that dress. I hope," said she, sighing, "no accident, no misfortune has caused this change!" He blushed at the appearance

ance he made before his mistress, to which he had never before adverted ; and told her, that he had assumed this disguise, as imagining that it would be the most efficacious method of enabling him to see her without a discovery.—“ I have,” said he, “ been so happy as to succeed ; and you are so good as to declare your belief of my innocence. But my misfortunes are, I fear, never to have an end. Alas ! similar machinations may deprive me of your esteem ; and I cannot but dread that you will become the wife of that man who is so much unworthy of you !”—“ Believe me,” replied his mistress, “ I shall not be again so hasty to credit any report which shall be spread to your disadvantage ; and as to marrying Mr. Reynel, I have promised you already, that I never will. It is true, my father and mother distress me very much by pressing me on this head ; and act as if he, and not I, were their

child. But, indeed," continued she, "I can never think of being united to any one whom I dislike so much."—This was but a small part of what her lover wished; and he pleaded his love with earnest but respectful tenderness: nor was the prepossessed bosom of his mistress averse from hearing the soft avowal. Checking, however, his glowing declarations, he said, "Forgive this madness, Lady Adelaide: Why am I feeding hopes which never can be satisfied! You never can be mine! Capricious fortune has barred every avenue to my happiness! But, alas! I am not master of my wishes—my presumption in adoring you is punished—and I am condemned to be the prey of restless desires, which are never to be satisfied! Yet, O that years of service could merit that lovely hand! It is misery to be thus the victim of fruitless expectation; and yet to such wretchedness am I for ever doomed!"

The

The generous mind is unbounded in its recompense of injury ; and a temporary restraint but inflames affection, and gives rapidity to passion. His mistress, pitying his distress, and softened by the consideration that she had wronged him, could not avoid making a reciprocal confession of affection.— Her restless lover, neither able to remain satisfied with her love or her indifference, cried, “ This is too kind ; I cannot expect such happiness ; you are destined to force felicity on some one who is unworthy of your perfections—or worse, he will not be able to value the gem he is in possession of. Too well I know your father ; I must be forgotten ! O Adelaide, you will forget me ! But that day,” continued he, grasping her hand, and looking wistfully in her face with the wild eye of despair, “ I cannot bear to see ; nor will I live to behold it.” His mistress, in a voice harmoniously cheering, as

that with which angels call expiring virtue into the realms of bliss, said, "Indeed, Mr. Elliot, I take this suspicion of my constancy as unkind: be assured, I found more difficulty in declaring what I have done, than I shall in keeping up to the spirit of it. I will not hesitate to say," continued she, blushing, "that did not my duty to my parents prevent it, I would put my conduct beyond doubt, and convince you that wealth alone is incapable of biasing my choice. But as this cannot be (for I am determined never to marry without their consent), the only consolation I am capable of giving you is, my promise that I will never give my consent to a union with any other man." The happy Stephen thanked her for kindness so much beyond his expectations; and sealed their mutual declarations of fidelity to each other with a half-ravished kiss. His mistress, who even so soon wanted to talk

task her heart with what it had just said, declared, that it was time for her to return home ; and that, as she could not go to Mrs. Welles's, as Mr. Reynel's man was there, she would not wait for her maid, but take Sally with her as a companion. She also urged the necessity of her lover's quitting the country immediately. She told him, that it must inevitably be known that he was there, since Mr. Reynel's man was acquainted with it ; and she added, that that would only serve to make her be kept under the greater restraint. He would have intreated for another interview ; but she cut him short at once, by a positive refusal.—
“ I do not wish, Mr. Elliot,” said she, “ to reflect how much I have disregarded the commands of my father already ; nothing could have induced me to act so, but a wish to give you an opportunity to vindicate yourself from
those

those calumnies, which, while I entertained them, must have ensured my bad opinion of your virtue. This is now done away; think not, therefore, that I can again meet you without their approbation." "Ah, dear Adelaide," cried Elliot, "that is to say, I am never to behold you again! This picture," continued he, pulling from his bosom the copy of that one which fortune had once put in his possession, "will now be alone the poor substitute on which I must ever keep my eyes.— Yet even this resemblance," said he, putting it to his lips, "is to me invaluable." Lady Adelaide wondered how he came by the possession of it; and when he satisfied her curiosity concerning it, she was silent—but love approved the stratagem. Willing to console him, she reminded him that her father was not naturally obdurate, and that he must recollect how he had saved his life. "Adieu," said she, smiling,

smiling, and willing to console him, "we may yet be happy;" then calling to Sally, she walked away as fast as she could to conceal her own emotions.

Poor Stephen remained fixed in the attitude he was in when she left him, gazing with abstracted fervour on her as she walked, until she disappeared from his sight. He then retired to Mrs. Welles's, meditating as he went along, with pensive steps, on his unfortunate situation. Not but that he found much reason to be happy, when he compared his present state with that of yesterday. She had received him again into favour, and he could not doubt but she loved him: still, however, there was much to desire, and therefore human nature could not be satisfied. Difficulty is the fuel of desire, and complaint the soother of our woes. Hence the lover is continually raising up the one, and exercising

cising the other. To expect reason from a man *sincerely in love*, is to expect tranquillity in a storm: what is it but an heap of misrepresentations, contradictions, and inconsistencies?—He wished to be united to the girl whom he adored, and who loved him; but his was the fate of Tantalus; the object of his wishes placed near him, but ever eluding his grasp. He had no plan to compass what he desired; he did not dare to ask his mistress to marry him without consent, as he knew it would be vain; and indeed so sincerely did he love her, that he never could, when cool, think of permitting her to marry a man poor as he was, and dependent upon another. Still, however, he entertained hopes, the baseless fabrick of which, a glance of reason melted away; and this, whenever any circumstance forced him to examine accurately into his mind, rendered him extremely sorrowful. When
he

he returned to Mrs. Welles, he desired her to inform Lady Adelaide's maid, who was to wait for her mistress there, that she was gone home, and directed his servant to let the prisoner go; first obtaining his promise, that he would not discover that Stephen had been in the neighbourhood of Castlemont. He arose early the next morning; and having taken leave of his old friend, whom he rewarded liberally for the trouble he had given her, and cautioning Sally against her lover, he set out in obedience to the commands of his mistress for London; but not until he had taken a parting view of the house, where he supposed her to enjoy that calm repose, which is the peculiar blessing of the innocent breast. As soon as he had got a good way from the neighbourhood of Castlemont, he and Phelim got into a post-chaise, and arrived in London that night, without any accident. He stopped

ped at a common inn, and sent Phelim to Lord Sternhold's for his clothes. When these were brought to him, he dressed himself and went home to Manchester-Square, where he found his Lordship extremely glad of his return.

C H A P. XXI.

WE will now leave Mr. Elliot in town, and relate briefly what happened at Castlemont, since he had been forbidden to appear there, and also after his last departure and reconciliation with Lady Adelaide. The reader may remember, that we informed him how Reynel had perceived the success of Elliot in gaining the favour of his mistress. With that attachment to artifice, which had ever distinguished him from a child, he resolved to deceive

ceive Lady Adelaide out of her esteem for him, by some stratagems ; and as he was too well versed in them to trust merely to naked invention, uncoloured by some real transaction, he employed spies (with numbers of whom his money supplied him) to watch the motions of Elliot. They brought him word, that he was seen to go sometimes into the lodgings of an handsome single young woman, who lived in Cambridge. On inquiry, he found that she was one of his cast-off mistresses ; for it was he who had been the seducer of Lucinda, and had treated her literally in the manner she mentioned in her story to Elliot. He resolved to make her subservient to his scheme of traducing Elliot ; but he cast about in his mind how he should be enabled to do it most effectually. He knew that Mrs. Clarinda, Lady Adelaide's maid, must unavoidably be acquainted with any interviews which had
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happened, or were to happen, between her mistress and Elliot, and he bribed her to betray her confidence by a large sum of money. From her he learned that her mistress had agreed to meet Stephen in the grove, on the night she actually did come to beg of him to avoid a duel. Being thus made acquainted with the appointed time and place, he had taken the liberty of listening to the conversation of the lovers; and from thence not only learned what an opinion they entertained of himself, but also that Lady Adelaide had promised to meet Stephen again in a week. Furnished with this knowledge, he had invented the story of Elliot's having seduced Lucinda; and to prove the truth of it, and the confidence the latter placed in her, he added this circumstance of the assignation, the knowledge of which, he rightly guessed, Lady Adelaide would imagine could have come through no one but her lover.

lover. It was not without a good deal of bribery and artifice, that he induced Lucinda to assist him; for she hated him sincerely, and would not have done any thing for his sake. It was her love for Elliot, whom she imagined she would possess entirely to herself, if she could create a misunderstanding between his mistress and him, that had induced her to it. Instigated by these motives, she had waited on Lady Adelaide, to pain her lovely bosom by this calumny, and to shock her delicacy, by declaring that Elliot made no secret of her being in love with him. From this story she could hardly doubt of his baseness; but seeing him in company with this very woman at the inn (for it was her father, who, by occupying all the beds, had prevented Lucinda and Stephen obtaining separate ones), and hearing also from the maid, who attended her there, that she believed them to be
man

man and wife, she became certain of his falsehood, and many was the tear it cost her in secret. Still, however, though she seemed to have entertained resentment to Elliot, the passion of Reynel did not appear likely to succeed; and all he gained by his villainy, was a temporary ejection of his rival out of her esteem. Her parents, sensible how much the pressing of any thing too eagerly increases our dislike to it, were willing to suffer her distaste to an union with the person whom they had chosen to wear out gradually. They knew that Lady Adelaide must inherit a moiety of her father's fortune after his death, and they were on that account the more apprehensive of doing any thing too severe. The courtship, likewise, between Lord Hanbury and Lady Frances went on very slowly. Lord Moreton declared that he would have his two daughters married on the same day; and Lady
Frances,

Frances, who knew her sister's aversion to Reynel, in fondness to her, concealed her opinion of the person who thus paid his addresses to her; sensible that, whether she should chuse or reject him, it would make the family more precipitate in hurrying the marriage of her sister.

Such was the situation of affairs when Stephen had come to Castle-mont to seek a reconciliation with his mistress; but, unfortunately, she was no longer to enjoy that calm which the reasonings of her parents, and the good-nature of her sister, had hitherto procured her. Elliot had been enabled to justify his conduct to her by that accident we have already related, which originated partly from his own good fortune, and partly from the wickedness of another; for it was Reynel himself who, disguised under the name of Kane, had endeavoured, by way of amusement in his leisure hours,

hours, and consolation for the coldness of Lady Adelaide, to seduce the fair and innocent Sally ; and Stephen was very near securing him instead of his man. Enticed by curiosity, from the description which her aunt had given of her beauty, as we have related in our first chapter, although our hero had deprived him of the opportunity of profiting by her distress, he resolved to see her ; and finding her charms equal to report, he had, in disguise, thus attempted her ruin. Think not, however, gentle reader, that this universality of desire, displayed by this gentleman, is an instance of superior manliness ; the contrary might be very fairly and philosophically inferred. This indiscriminate attachment is not the offspring of a warmth of constitution, but of an instinctive antipathy (thank Heaven, unknown to some men) which the polluted mind bears to the unpolluted.

It

It is similar to that which the hound bears to the hare, and the wolf to the lamb, making the former strain every nerve in the breathless pursuit, and the latter riot in carnage; though every appetite is sated, and the destruction is unattended with any other pleasure than that which accompanies destruction itself. Hence is it that the debilitated rake pursues the helpless female to effect a ruin he is scarce able to accomplish, and to attain a fruitless conquest barren of enjoyment. There may be a proud pleasure annexed to violating the laws of morality, merely because God has commanded them, and social utility enforces them; but surely the crime is additionally great, and the pleasure more strange, which thus makes the perjured ravisher gaze with triumphant wantonness on the ruins of fallen excellence, and exult over assassinated innocence, which wept for it-

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self as it fondly felt for him. This must be a sympathetic gloomy satisfaction, caught from the destroyer of the world, who enviously debases that purity he cannot hope to emulate. Such minds, however, carry their own avenger along with them; and Reynel experienced all the torments of guilt, while his man was in the custody of the guardian of Sally's innocence, although he did not (luckily for his own quiet) know who that guardian was. The bitter disappointment, that his prey had been taken from him, was lost in the more bitter one of the capture of his servant: not that he cared a pin for the fellow's safety or life, for there is nothing so selfish as lust; but he dreaded lest he should discover the whole matter, which, coming to the ears of Lord Moreton, might make him as averse to permitting him to match in his family, as his daughter was. While he

was

was tormented with these fears, immediately after his own escape, another of his servants, who had just returned from London, told him, by way of gratifying him very much, "that he was sure Mr. Elliot was forced to become a footman; and that he had seen him, as he was going to London, with his livery on, and just set free from the hands of justice, having been taken up on suspicion of being an highwayman." This account of the servant's did not satisfy Reynel; he rather conceived, that he was coming to the country in disguise to visit Lady Adelaide; and he resolved to have her watched, for some days, to see if his suspicions were well grounded. He had not received this intelligence until after Stephen had his first interview with his mistress; and he immediately gave the waiting-woman orders to observe her lady very closely. Hence, when her mistress had sent her

on a message as she was going to meet her lover, she rightly conjectured that it was only a pretence to get rid of her; and she dutifully resolved to watch her, instead of obeying her commands. Mrs. Clarinda had therefore been a spectatress of the conference, though she could not be a listener to the conversation of our lovers. She saw our hero in the livery; and guessed, from his shape, and Lady Adelaide's familiarity with him, that it was he. Having thus succeeded in her design, she left her hiding-place before Stephen and his mistress parted; and, performing her orders with more than usual celerity, she then went back to Castlemont, without troubling Mrs. Welles with a visit. When she had told Reynel what she had seen, he felt the keenest anguish, to see that all his schemes had been thus overthrown; and that perhaps they had tended to further what they were designed to impede.

impede. Still, however, he resolved to persevere in plotting; and the servant whom Phelim had just liberated coming in, he informed him that Elliot was in the country. This fellow had intended to conceal his being taken by Elliot, as he dreaded that his master might suspect how he had acquired his liberty; but seeing that his master knew so much, he resolved to tell him that it was Elliot who had detained him; that he might thus, by divulging part, conceal the more effectually how he had purchased his freedom from confinement, at the price of a most important secret of his master's. He told him, therefore, that he had induced Mr. Elliot to set him free, by swearing "that he came only to assist his fellow servant; and that he thought that the man would have married Sally." This information confirmed the intelligence of Clarinda; and Reynel became pretty

certain, that truth, assisted by Lady Adelaide's regard, had been too powerful for artifice. Still, however, he flattered himself that his plot could not have been completely developed; and that, at any rate, he had moved so secretly in it, that it was impossible for him to be discovered. He turned the news he had received in his wily head, to see how he could make use of it to advantage; and he desired the waiting-maid, whom he was willing to believe still unsuspected by her mistress, to inform her, that Mr. Reynel's man had been almost killed in endeavouring to rescue a young girl from the violence of Elliot. This he also desired the man himself to give out in the house; and the visible marks he had received in his contest with Elliot, sufficiently shewed that he had been ill used. He did not indeed imagine that this intelligence, thus unsupported, would produce any extraordinary

dinary change in the sentiments of Lady Adelaide; but he knew that the slightest surmise, when added to other suspicions, which he would take care to implant, would be of weight. He thought also, that such a piece of open impropriety, of which the cause was apparently inexplicable, committed in the neighbourhood, and which, therefore, could not escape being talked of, would thus be imputed to his rival (for now his man was out of his power, he knew that the fellow would swear as he pleased), and irritate Lord Moreton even more against him. He next ordered his servants to prepare his carriage for him, and to hold themselves in readiness to go with him immediately. But he excepted William who had been the prisoner; him he commanded to observe accurately how things went on, and to be sure to watch Mrs. Welles strictly, that he might be cer-

tain of the conduct of Elliot. He then desired Clarinda to inform her lord, as soon as he was gone, that she had seen Lady Adelaide meet Mr. Elliot; but to be sure to give his Lordship a particular caution not to disclose how he came to the knowledge of it. He then went, forthwith, to acquaint Lord Moreton, that unexpected news from home made it necessary for him to absent himself for a few days from Castlemont. His Lordship reminded him how necessary assiduity was to a lover; and he, after promising to return as soon as possible, went to bid adieu to the ladies. But Lady Moreton was dressing; and Lady Adelaide, to whom he had particularly sent for leave to wait on her, was too much occupied with the scenes she had just been a participator of; and too much detested the wicked design by which he had imposed on her, to see him. Reynel had resolved to quit

quit Castlemont, that he might not seem to have any share in effecting the consequences which he expected to follow from his machinations; for as he hoped that Lord Moreton would endeavour, by violent or other means, to force Elliot from the neighbourhood, he did not wish to face the high spirit of his rival, which he knew he must do if he staid. Scarcely was he departed, when the mine which he had laid, was sprung by Clarinda; who, going to his Lordship, declared, "that there was nothing she hated more than being reckoned a tattler or informer; but that she hoped people made some difference between speaking to get a poor servant turned out of bread, and telling of one's master's own family. That she knew it was the duty of every servant to be honest, for what had they for their inheritance but their honesty? and, for her part, she thanked her God she was so,

although she was poor; and that she would not conceal it, no, she would not, that Mr. Elliot was in disguise in the neighbourhood; and that Lady Adelaide had met him in the little coppice on the common." Lord Moreton, who was not destitute of that thorn to society, intemperate passion, could at first scarce believe it; but when she positively assured him, that she had seen Elliot with "her own two looking eyes," he swore that he would grant a warrant to apprehend him. "If I suspect a fellow," said he, "to have attempted stealing my sheep, I can commit him; and it is very hard if I cannot commit him who wants to steal my daughter; but I will go immediately and accuse this undutiful girl with her conduct." "I hope, my Lord," said Mrs. Clarinda, "that your Lordship won't say how it was I who told you, as it would injure a poor servant very much. Indeed,

deed, not only my young lady would be very angry, but no other young lady would hire me if they heard how I was a tattler, and discovered their love secrets. Many is the good gown and present which my not encouraging my lady's passion has cost me. If I had done that, she would not go hawking her old cast clothes to all the poor people in the parish, as she does. But I know," continued she, "that your Lordship is too generous to let any body lose by their honesty." He understood the hint; and, giving her five guineas, he hastened off to his daughter's chamber, where he learned from her maid that she then was. Scarcely could he speak with passion when he saw her; and hardly giving himself time to shut the chamber door, he said, "So, Lady Adelaide, you have dared to speak with that rascal Elliot, notwithstanding my express commands to the contrary; I

see, Madam, that you are incapable of being governed by gentle usage, and I must try to tame your stubbornness with severity."

This speech was unexpected to the ears of his daughter: she hung her head in silence and confusion, and dared not to meet the condemning eye of her father. "Then it is true," continued his Lordship, "that you have conversed with him. I suppose you have agreed to run away with him also; but this I will prevent at least, and the honour of my family shall never be so sullied." "I will not, my dear papa," replied his self-condemned daughter, "merit additional displeasure, by concealing the truth. It is true I have spoken to him; but never will I do so again without your consent, nor does Mr. Elliot himself expect that I will; and as to marrying him or any one else, I never would think of it without yours and my mother's approbation."

probation." "I will tell you, Lady Adelaide," answered her father, a little softened by the uneasiness her looks manifested, and by what she had said, "I have ever known you fond of truth, and am willing to believe that you still adhere to it; but you must give me a convincing proof of your sincerity, before I restore you to my favour. You know that I never will give my consent to your speaking to that fellow, and you will do well to give your hand to Mr. Reynel at once; that is a match which will be the source of happiness to both you and me. I have determined, that it must take place speedily: I will be obeyed; and until then, I order you not to quit this house, except in company with your mother, who you know expects your compliance in this matter as well as I do." Having said this, he quitted the room, leaving poor Lady Adelaide in tears, and terrified

rified at the peremptory manner in which he spoke of a marriage between her and Reynel. Her maid, who had come into the room on purpose, a little before his Lordship went out, began officiously to console her. She said, "that, to be sure, his Lordship was wondrous severe to his own flesh and blood, that she was vastly surprised, that Mr. Elliot had not called to see her, as she had been of some service to him; but truly she did not wonder at it, as she knew so much about him. Ah! my Lady," continued she, taking advantage of the silence of her mistress, "you ought not to grieve so about him; for he is the greatest rake in the universal world, and your Ladyship is not the only woman he comes after. La, what do you think? but that he had like to murder poor William, Mr. Reynel's own man, because he strove to rescue a girl in the neighbourhood from
from

from his wicked attempts last night ; the young man is willing to give his bible oath of it." Her mistress believed not a syllable of this ; and it only served to make her the more suspicious of Reynel, and less inclined to credit any thing which should be told to her in prejudice of her lover. Vexed at the malice and impertinence of her speech, she said, " I am not ignorant of your motives for speaking thus ; and I desire you, as you value your place, to cease such conversation to me." " Indeed, my Lady," answered Mrs. Clarinda, cocking up her nose, " you need not be so snappish ; there's no harm in telling what one knows, and council's no command. As to my place, my Lord and Lady know that I do my duty ; and it is as much in my power to hurt you, as it is in yours to hurt me." So saying, she slapped the door in a rage ; for the approbation of her master made her forget that prudent

prudent rule of her passions, which a length of servitude had made familiar to her. Lady Adelaide felt additional sorrow at this insolence of her servant: "Am I so low in my father's regard," said she to her sister, who had been present all the time, "that he will permit even a servant to insult me? O indiscretion, to what hast thou reduced me!" Her sister, from whom she had never concealed a thought, endeavoured to comfort her; promising to use her utmost endeavours to restore her to the favour of their parents. But the gentle mind of Lady Adelaide, unused to the least harsh word, and never having been accustomed to disobey her father in whatever he desired, was incapable of consolation; and being unable to go down stairs, she remained in her chamber during the remainder of the day. It is an old remark, that misfortunes seldom come alone; but, like clouds, wait

wait until the gloom thickens with their multitude, and then they shower down with unremitting abundance and assiduity. This was the case of Lady Adelaide; who, though already deeply afflicted, on account of the angry commands of her father, and the wound made more deep by the insulting treachery of her maid, was yet destined to taste more deeply of the bitter cup than she had hitherto done.

The story which the waiting maid had told of her meeting Elliot, who was disguised like a footman, and that which had been propagated by William, of her lover's having attempted to force a girl, were commonly known to the servants, and spread with rapidity around the neighbourhood. But rumour, with a malicious misapprehension, confounded the two together; and the report which was circulated, was, that Lady Adelaide Moreton wanted to run away with

with her footman ; but that he being a constant, though in turn an unfortunate lover, had refused any attention to her advances, and attempted to run away with a poor girl, for whom he felt a most ardent passion ; but it was impossible to give any further account of the affair, as Lord Moreton had caused the servant to be conveyed away privately, lest the honour of his family should suffer.

The principle on which mankind embrace with greediness a scandalous story, is not difficult to trace ; but it is of such a black hue, that human nature ought to blush for its dignity in acknowledging it. The little truth which appears in most of these calumnies, in spite of successful wickedness and unfortunate circumstances, which often conceal innocence, should make us slow to credit them, from a sense of justice ; while a knowledge that no one is exempt from its rankling venom,
that

that it grows with merit as the canker worm with the blossoms, at once its parent and its prey, should make all join to bring it into disrepute, and banish it as the common foe of mankind. But that woman, on whose brow the diadem of respect and honour is fastened by the slender thread of reputation, should be the most eager to let fly the shaft of calumny, to cut this feeble tie on another's head ! that they should soonest hurry to let loose a monster, indiscriminate in his ravages, and peculiarly mortal to their sex in his attacks, shews a despicable want of thought, and an envious absence of morality. That they should act like the savage, who puts his aged father to death, insensible that the repetition of the practice entails a custom to which he must in his turn fall a victim, is so repugnant to female tenderness and delicacy, that the soft-hearted theorist would absolutely deny the prevalence

lence of a failing among them, which the practical observer is compelled with sorrow to record. How different are the representations of the same fact by two persons who have nothing in view but the truth ! How much more different, if either or both of them mistake through passion, or willingly misrepresent or exaggerate through malice or cunning ! Are not most villainous stories of people whose characters are unblemished in other respects, originated from one or all of these causes ? The philosopher, who knows the predominance of passion and self-love over the human breast, will think it so almost universally. And what proofs of their truth or falsehood are the generality who believe such malignant insinuations capable of obtaining ? He who credits them, from an opinion of the prevailing general wickedness of mankind, reads the human heart in the gloomy interpretation of a bad mind;

mind; and, in kind compassion to his own failings, judges of the sterling value of human nature, by the sorry, partial sample in his own bosom, corrupted with native dross, and debased by the adventitious alloy of world-gotten villainy. But I have not the vanity to imagine, that my representations can cure this fashionable folly; I shall, therefore, I am sensible, to my reader's great satisfaction, pursue the thread of my story in the ensuing chapter, closing this one here, that he may have time to revive from the loss of spirits this immoderate lecture may have occasioned.

C H A P. XXII.

LADY Frances, who perceived that the match between her sister and Mr. Reynel was determined on by her father,

father, and that her delaying to decide the fate of Lord Hanbury could no longer impede it, resolved immediately to get rid of him. Though she had some weaknesses, she was a girl of a good understanding and an excellent heart ; and she was determined to seek for something besides mere wealth in a husband. As for the young lord, whose heart was as cold as the snow of Jurat, he felt not that poignant sorrow at his refusal, which must have rent the breast of one who truly loved.— He was vexed, very much vexed, it is true ; but it was, that any one could refuse him, and that he had cast away so much of his time from the amusements which the empty find in a croud. As Lord Hanbury was the son of a nobleman who possessed a very large estate, I fear that there are but few ladies who would thus have rejected immediate independence and affluence for the visionary prospect of meeting,
some

some time or other, with a man she might love : and I dread lest this marvellous circumstance should give a degree of improbability to the whole narration. Let not, however, the fair, the witty, and the well dressed, judging from their own hearts, think this to be absolutely impossible : in every age there are some singular characters, who adopt the maxims and conduct, which the experience of centuries has foolishly taught them to be beneficial to society, and natural to the human heart. Are there not some people who, even at this day, are fools enough to be christians, in despite of the humane, disinterested labours of the prophets of atheism ? Nay, doubt not your senses, ye who have seen it, is there not absolutely one man among the bench of bishops who dared to think of diminishing their splendor, and forcing them to live with apostolical simplicity ?

O con-

O connubial love! whither art thou fled! Thou who madest Ulysses prefer his Penelope to immortality, and gave life to Admetus by the heroism of his Alcestes—Thou who brightenedst the countenance of the dying Arria with smiles, and bowedst down, with thy spirit of tender recollection, the fair, constant Tavistock to the grave! where are we to look now for that sympathetic warmth, those immutable ties, which, to speak the strong language of Heaven, made man and woman ~~one~~ flesh? Quite fled from this country! The young now prefer the glitter of riches to your solid joys! Yet speak, ye who have thus sacrificed yourselves; speak, for the good of mankind, whether you are happy! Ye who have coupled the living with the dead, and, worse than Mezentius, have been cruel tyrants to yourselves, do the glare of diamonds, the varieties of luxury,

ury, and the empty joys of ceremony, compensate for what ye have lost? No; ye cannot forget your nature; you may debase, but you cannot annihilate the passion ye have betrayed.— Hence it is, that ye seek for consolation in the ostentatious treachery of a paramour, or the gross, hard-hearted flattery of a courtesan: yet, even here, ye are disappointed, and taste alone a shadowy joy! O, ye know not what ye have lost! It is love which gives nerve to our sense; and there is more rapture in the lover's kiss, where two souls meet and mingle on the lips, than in all the wanton, languid joys a seraglio can furnish. Ye worldlings, did ye know the finer feelings which attach themselves to two congenial minds, joining to bless each other in wedlock; the benevolence, the tenderness, the transports of giving and receiving pleasure, the constant harmony and affection, which gladden

youth, and cheer the gloomy prospects of age, ye would spurn with contempt the trifles ye now prefer to it ; which, like the playthings of a child, yield no satisfaction after a momentary possession. Ye would see with amazement, that the very recollection of an hour spent in conjugal endearment, surpassed all the joys your life could furnish !

Lord Moreton, when he came to know the resolution of Lady Frances, was not a little chagrined at it ; he had flattered himself, that the ready compliance of his eldest daughter would have swayed the resolution of his youngest. As he really wished to make his family happy, and as there was no immediate danger of Lady Frances' throwing herself away on some one without fortune, he soon acquiesced in her determination ; while this last consideration, and his wish to unite part of his fortune to the head of
his

his family, made him refuse the same grace to Lady Adelaide. Indeed this poor Lady suffered extremely from the conduct of her parents to her, after her meeting with Elliot had transpired. They preserved a cold and cutting formality towards her. Gentle, amiable and lively, her father used to catch his smile from her lips ; and pleasure illumined the room on her appearance. Now, all was gloom ; and Lord and Lady Moreton studiously avoided any conversation with her. This was a terrible situation for one who had once placed her whole happiness in pleasing them ; and who had almost annexed a degree of impiety to the slightest opposition to their wills. She therefore always retired from their presence oppressed with tears, which she poured out either alone, or in the friendly bosom of her sister. Lord Moreton saw the affliction of his daughter with pleasure ; he perceived by it,

that he had a controul over her, which he was afraid her predilection for Elliot had destroyed; and he rightly judged, that it was best to attempt making an impresson on her now, before custom, by making his anger familiar to her, could efface its terrors. Reynel had returned to Castlemont in two days after he had left it; pleased to hear that his rival had left the country, and not much disappointed that his attempt at calumniating him had not succeeded. As all pretence for deferring the union of Reynel and Lady Adelaide was taken away by the dismissal of Lord Hanbury, it was resolved to press the matter immediately; and that her father and mother should try to persuade her to abandon Elliot (whom they considered as the more dangerous, since he had thus eluded their vigilance and seen her), and marry his rival. It was determined that her mother, who was
as

as unfeeling a woman of fashion as this age can produce, should first speak to her. When she came into her daughter's dressing-room, and had seated herself, she spoke as follows: "Well, Lady Adelaide, you have had now time enough to be tired of your romantic notions; and you have, I am sure, resolved totally to discard that vulgar fellow, Elliot. Indeed, I cannot conceive how it could enter into the head of a girl of your birth to entertain any notions of one so much your inferior. But I hope that the giddy fit is now over; and that you are reconciled to marry Mr. Reynel, who both Lord Moreton and I have determined shall be your husband." "Indeed, Madam," answered Lady Adelaide, "I would wish to obey your commands in all things; and as to Mr. Elliot, I shall never see him without your approbation: but I feel that I never can love Mr. Reynel sufficiently to become his

happy wife ; and I am sure my dear mother would not have me married merely to be wretched." "Fy, fy, Lady Adelaide," replied her mother ; "how can you talk thus ? This is the language of silly romances. As to loving your husband, who is so unfashionable as to marry, in this age, where they love ? And as to being miserable, take my word for it, it is a great mistake. Why, girl, how can you be miserable ? Will not you and Mr. Reynel have a fortune sufficient to gratify every wish you can feel ? I will take care that you shall not be stinted in pin-money. Will you not have precedence and respect as much as possible ? Who can play so high ? Who can have so many footmen to precede their chair ? Or who can so easily torture the drawing-room with envy, at the superior elegance and richness of their dress ? Then, if you wedded for love, you would lose all that attention
from

from the handsome men of fashion when you are a married woman, to which your beauty entitles you. Take my word for it, who did not marry Lord Moreton for love, that one may do so and be happy; and as I have known several women of rank, who married for love, as it is called, as soon they came into life, find this same love very troublesome to them, and make as much haste as possible to shake it off. Well, Adelaide," continued she, "shall I carry your consent down to your father? Consider, you will then have no one to controul you; you may then throw aside your demureness; it is only being firm in having your way in every thing, when you are first married, and you may manage your husband the rest of your life as you please." This sage matron then arose, and, looking at herself in the glass, cried, "Lord, how frightful that wretch has put on my cap to-day! I

look so shocking that I positively will not see any one this morning!" This was not a discourse likely to persuade her daughter, whose angelic mind placed its chief happiness in making another happy; and who felt that truly feminine perfection, of being capable of blessing her husband with all the refined endearments of lasting affection. She, therefore, said nothing in reply to this wild speech of her mother's, who, having at length reconciled herself to her face, by dwelling on it in the glass, turned to her and said, "What, no answer? Am I to take your silence for consent?" "Indeed, Madam," replied Lady Adelaide, "I cannot marry him." "Well, then," said her mother, "since I cannot persuade you, your father must try the strength of his authority;" and then away she went, and related the matter to Lord Moreton and Mr. Reynel, as unconcernedly, as if she had been only just sending

sending her maid to put off the payment of her shoe-maker's bill. Lord Moreton would have gone up immediately to expostulate with his daughter in a great passion, had not Reynel, willing to make a parade of his affection, interfered, declaring that he could never consent that she should hear the least harsh word on his account; and persuaded her father, that he would succeed more effectually, if he permitted her mother's advice to sink a little into her mind first. The next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Lord Moreton, who could not brook any longer delay, desired Lady Adelaide to follow him into his study, as he had something to say to her.—She was not at a loss to guess the subject, and went after him with trembling steps.

Lord Moreton really loved his daughter sincerely, and had determined to speak to her in gentle terms;

both because it suited his inclinations, and was, he thought, the most likely means to effect his wishes. "My dear child," said, he, "you know that I have always had your welfare at heart, and believe me in no instance more especially, than in seeking to have you united to Mr. Reynel. You know, that he is a gentleman of your own family, possessing an extensive fortune, and every qualification necessary to make you happy. You used, my Adelaide, to act as if you lived but to oblige me; why, therefore, have you refused to comply with your mother's and my desire to effect an union which we covet so earnestly, and which is so much for your own advantage?" "Indeed, my dear father," replied Lady Adelaide with diffidence, "it is not without the utmost grief that I have ventured to oppose your will; but the subject of your commands is of so serious a nature, and so

so materially concerns my happiness, that I hope you will pardon me. It is impossible that I can regard Mr. Reynel as a person I can love; and surely my dear papa would not think of making his poor Adelaide wretched, by uniting her to a man whom she never could esteem." "Talk not so, Adelaide," replied her father; "although you do not feel a foolish passion for him now, his good qualities will soon make you love him when you are once married. But some one else is running in your head: that Elliot causes your opposition to a match which my peace requires, and which is essential to the dignity of my house." "As to Mr. Elliot," replied Lady Adelaide, blushing, "I have promised both you and my mother never to see him without your consent. Can you think, my father, that your girl, to whom you have ever behaved so fondly, would marry with-

out your approbation? It is not my wish to change my state: in your bosom, my dearest parent, I have been brought up, and in your bosom alone do I wish to die. You say that the dignity of your family is concerned, that I should marry Mr. Reynel: but you cannot love such dignity better than your family; and yet this would be to sacrifice your family to that dignity, which is but a trifling appendage to it. Were your peace concerned, my father,"—here she hesitated—"but it is not so, otherwise than as it is your wish to make me happy. I know that I never can esteem Mr. Reynel; our manners, our inclinations, I am afraid our morals are totally different; and dare I, my father, go into the presence of the Almighty, and promise to love, honour and obey him, whose person I dislike, and whose manners I disesteem? Pardon me, therefore, Sir, when I say, that by this resolution
you

you doom me either to the misery of disobedience, or else to that of impiety and perpetual misery." "What, do you talk of disobedience?" replied his Lordship, vexed at hearing arguments to justify her refusal, which he could not easily refute. "Ungrateful and undutiful girl! and do you calumniate Mr. Reynel, because you dislike his person? I have been wrong to argue with you: leave my sight, and learn speedily to obey with willingness those commands I am determined to have fulfilled." Lady Adelaide obeyed, and retired to her chamber in tears, almost persuaded to sacrifice the whole happiness of her life, in compliance with the will of her parents. When Reynel heard from Lord Moreton, the result of this conference with his daughter, who added with an oath, that he would either make her marry him, or else break her heart; he intreated that no severe means should be

be made use of on his account, and only begged of Lady Moreton to procure an interview for him with Lady Adelaide. This she complied with; and conducting him into the room where Lady Adelaide remained bathed in tears, instantly quitted it, leaving Mr. Reynel alone with her. As soon as her mother was gone, he approached her with the greatest respect, expressed the utmost concern for her grief, hoped that he was not so unfortunate as to be the cause of it, and that Lord and Lady Moreton's predilection for him, had originated nothing which could be distressing to her. "It is impossible, Lady Adelaide," continued he, "to see you and not to admire you. I cannot command my affection; and if you do not compassionate my sufferings, I am the most unfortunate of men. Alas! I rely not on my interest with your parents but on the hope that my
constant

constant attachment and lasting sufferings may in time merit your pity."

"Mr. Reynel," replied Lady Adelaide, "you say rightly, that we cannot command our affections; and therefore you cannot, I am sure, be offended with me for refusing to listen to your proposals, even though they come enforced by my father's desires. Your merit, Sir, may entitle you to a wife more deserving of you than I can be; but, where my happiness is so materially interested as in the present instance, politeness ought to give way to necessity. I must frankly tell you, that I never can be yours; and that surely it is very hard that my father's house should be rendered uneasy to me on this account." Reynel, though cut to the soul by this answer, seemed not to feel as if his pride was hurt, but only his sorrow moved by it. Sensible that this was only a preface of the lady's, to request that he would desist from his pursuit,

purſuit, he reſolved to anticipate her ; and, remaining awhile ſilent, as if his paſſion was conflicting with his generoſity, he ſaid, “ I am, I ſee, doomed to eternal unhappineſs ; and, Lady Adelaide, you will not have compaſſion on one who adores you with the moſt fervent and conſtant paſſion !— One proof of the ſincerity of my attachment alone now remains ; and ſince you will not vouchſafe to make me happy in my love, I will take care that you ſhall not be unhappy on account of it ; and therefore, whatever reſtraint I lay on my inclinations, I ſhall abſent myſelf from the houſe, and abandon my pretenſions. Still, however, as I can never efface your image from my heart, I muſt hope, that if time ſhould change your ſentiments, I may be permitted to make you an offer of my heart and fortune.” Having made this propoſal, which he perceived from Lady Adelaide’s countenance

tenance was pleasing to her, he retired without waiting for an answer ; as he did not wish her to limit the import of his speech to a precise meaning.

When he saw Lord Moreton, he told him that he imagined that his presence at Castlemont, while Lady Adelaide disliked him so much, would only make her more averse to the match ; “ I hope, therefore, my Lord,” continued he, “ you will think that I did right when I told her that I would discontinue my addresses, reserving only to myself the liberty of renewing them, if she should be inclined to change her opinion. And thus she will not hate me as she does at present, particularly for being the cause of her restraint ; and whatever means your Lordship shall think proper to make use of to induce her to comply (which I hope will not be severe ones), I will not appear to be the adviser of them ; and the suspicion

cion of this, which, were I in the house, might appear well grounded, and increase her resentment, can never occur. Lord Moreton readily consented (as he sincerely wished that Reynel might be his son-in-law) to any scheme he thought would further it. Reynel, when he had gained this point, told his Lordship that he had every reason to suppose that a great deal of her reluctance arose from her attachment to Elliot, which he knew to be very strong; and that if, therefore, they could contrive to make him renounce her, that she would, through pride and disappointed love, be brought to comply with his commands. That although this might, at first view, seem impracticable, it was in reality easy; for Elliot was now living with Lord Sternhold, his father having, for some misconduct of his, refused to support him. That as he is now totally dependent on this lord,
who

who is your Lordship's particular friend, he will not be such a fool as not to give up his extravagant hopes sooner than forfeit his protection. That even if this should not happen, his Lordship might represent matters so as to get him turned out of Lord Sternhold's, in consequence of non-compliance; and as he could then appear no longer in the dress of a gentleman, his daughter would necessarily grow ashamed of her attachment to him. Lord Moreton was vastly pleased with the scheme, and promised to depart immediately for London to induce Lord Sternhold to exert his influence over Elliot. Reynel went home pleased that he had gained some esteem from Lady Adelaide by an appearance of generosity, when he did not, in reality, injure his interest; and that he would, in all probability, not only disappoint his rival in his love, but perhaps ruin him entirely; and that

that he had engaged Lord Moreton to the exertion of every means, even violent ones, to promote his interest, without his once appearing to be concerned in them. As to Lady Adelaide, she was pleased with what she thought the generous conduct of Reynel; and she flattered herself that she would soon regain her happiness, at least as far as it depended upon the favour of her parents, for she could not avoid sometimes thinking of Elliot with a sigh.

Elliot had, during this time, remained, at least not unhappy. His mind had been eased of a great part of its burthen, from the consideration that he was not displeasing to his mistress; and his absence from her, prevented his being agitated with the thoughts of his want of fortune rendering it impossible for him to possess her. He had made some acquaintances with young men, whose company, if it did
not

not communicate knowledge, was the vehicle of amusement; and, with its airy levity, brushed away the melancholy stillness which gathers over the mind, left constantly to uninterrupted, solitary contemplation. To a young man, every society is insipid in which women do not participate, and Elliot took care that they should enliven his. He found an undescribable pleasure in their stories, their remarks, their unguarded gaieties, their smiles, and even their airs. Every young man feels this: but their conversation, some-how or other, like the Casa di Loretto, is inestimable on account of the place it came from, and the method of its coming; and not for the materials which compose it. Nor do I mean to pay the ladies too great a compliment when I say, that their discourses, like those of the great Lord Chatham, are omnipotent as delivered; but, like them,

them, cannot bear to be put on paper. For this reason it must not be expected that I shall record them. Our hero had gone one night to Hanover-square concert with two or three of his companions, where he looked around the assembly, bewildered in the glitter of dress and the profusion of charms.—The contending and equal attractions of rival beauties often prevented the eye from settling on any one; and, in the covetous wish to grasp all, made it lose the peculiar charms of each. Stephen could not, however, help forming comparisons which terminated in favour of his Adelaide; and in such a dream was he lost, when one of his friends, slapping him on the shoulder, demanded of him, If he did not think that a fine woman who was coming towards him? He lifted up his eyes, and, to his great confusion, beheld the widow Marchmont approaching: her eye caught his, and she turned it not from

from him. Without waiting to answer the question of his companion, he went up unwillingly towards her. She was in company with two ladies and a gentleman, and received him but coldly. Sensible that he had not behaved well to her, he wished for an opportunity to extenuate his conduct by apology. With this view, he resolved to escort her during the night; and behaved with a gaiety, so well blended with such a degree of diffident tenderness, when he addressed himself particularly to her, that he seemed humbly to implore forgiveness for a lover; and her looks, in return, almost confessed a pardon of his inconstancy. He asked leave to attend her home when the concert was over—nor was he denied it; and, after they had separated from the remainder of the party, she conducted him to her own house. When he got there, he began to apologize for his conduct; and the mention of his fault made her
again

again reassume her resentment. "You have already, Mr. Elliot," said she, "forgotten that there has been a connexion between us; and I think it is better for us both that it should remain in oblivion." Stephen, who felt awkwardly enough, began to throw the blame on chance, which had separated him from her; and in fact, from not knowing what to say, said more than his inclination prompted him to.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.